POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY

"MONSIEUR VOIRBO, YOU ARE MY PRISONER!"

Vol. III.- No. 30.

"To be left alone
And face to face with my own crime has been
Just retribution."

—LONGFELLOW, "Masque of Pandora."

PART III.

MACE, who was so surely, if slowly, unravelling the crime which forms the subject of our story, was proving the undoubted fact that there is more to be ascertained from a woman than a man. Of course, always providing you know how to treat the fair sex. That the great French detective knew how to approach the ladies there can be no shadow of a doubt, let them be old or young, crotchety or frivolous.

He certainly proved his ability to "pump" when he paid his visit to the eccentric old Mother Michel, in the Rue Princesse, at the house where the two legs were found in the well. His next task was to extract the truth from the young, but frail, Mdlle. Gaupe (alias Dard), and who has already received such a dreadful character from the old concierge of the Rue Princesse. We shall now see what progress he makes with this young lady.

So perfect is the system employed by the French police, enabling them to trace people, that M. Macé went to the Préfecture, and within ten minutes had turned up the following entry:—

"Gaupe (Mathilde), 20 years; born at Belleville (Seine) August 2nd, 1847; waistcoat-maker; received certificate December 21st, 1867, on being identified by M. Nauré, tailor, Rue de Vaugirard, her master, to whom she was apprenticed."

He sent a messenger with this, instructing him to call at the offices of his brother commissaires and request that the girl be found and sent to him, at the same time notifying that she was at present singing at the café concerts under the name of Mdlle. Dard.

Within an hour she was seated in his office, having been discovered in the Café de la Jeune France, Boulevard St. Michel, playing dominos with the students, and forthwith marched off.

Not in the least disconcerted, she made a curtsy, and with a nonchalant air opened the conversation. "I know why you have sent for me, M. le Commissaire. It is for not having the name of the songs I sang last night upon the programme of the 'Café Beuglant.' I suppose it is for the rendering of my latest song, 'The Dying Loves of Papa Tignasse with Maman Crin-Crin.' I assure you there is nothing particularly bad in the words—only for a few little pleasantries."

M. Macé assured her that the café in question was out of his district, and that he had not sent for her on that account. He had mentally photographed the young lady whilst she was addressing him, and found that, although Mother Michel had sketched the main features of the little lady somewhat accurately, she had certainly caricatured her. She was a typical Parisienne of her class, and might have stepped out of a coloured illustration on the front page of one of their journals so fond of portraying the French demi-mondaine, "Un Vrai Grévin." That clever artist was at the zenith of his fame in the sixties, and must have had Mdlle. Dard for his model, for M. Macé describes her as having a compact, plump little figure, very supple, black hair, curling naturally, but drooping somewhat over the forehead; full, round, laughing, grey eyes; eyebrows arched and pronounced; nose just a little retroussé; mouth cupid-bow shaped, but lips rather thin; a fresh, clear complexion; and ears rather pronounced. Altogether a fascinating, vivacious little woman, with a melodious voice and an immense amount to say for herself.

Having discovered that she had not been sent for in order to explain any misconduct, she set herself at ease, and informed M. Macé that she was quite at his service and ready to answer any of his questions. But when he informed her that she formerly lived in the Rue Princesse, and it was relative to her sojourn there that he wished to speak to her the little singer's eyes flashed fire, and the colour heightened in her cheeks as she showered such a torrent of abuse down upon Mother Michel that even the serious young officer could not help smiling.

Mdlle. Dard certainly "got her own back," to use a vulgar expression. "Yes, the old hag! The dirty, disagreeable, old she-goat! 'Modiste Michel' she is called! Oh; monsieur, I could tell you something about her modesty. My late master's mother knew her when she was a young woman—one of the most notorious walkers of the boulevards. Ask Father Riparton, the cobbler of the Rue Guisarde, if he knows 'Modiste' Michel!"

The young lady rattled away without taking breath, recounting the career of the old concierge of the Rue Princesse, and if half of what she told were true it must have been an "eye-opener" to M. Macé, and is certainly unfit to print in an English journal.

Having fired her volley against the old woman, Mdlle. Dard prepared to answer the questions put to her. With that supreme tact for which Macé was so celebrated, he drew her to talk about herself—of her early life—her determination when she lost her parents to serve her apprenticeship, live a life of industry, and marry respectably one of the workmen of her own class. She told how she had been betrayed by her master—how she learned to detest him when at seventeen her eyes were opened as to her position—finally, how she had, whilst at the Rue Princesse, thrown away her needles and threads and launched into a life of gaiety, and with a shrug of her well-formed little shoulders informed her interrogator that she was getting plenty of money as a "chanteuse," and did very little work for it.

We will not go farther into the particulars of this girl's life as she unblushingly described it to M. Macé. It might be very interesting, and certainly gives one a highly-coloured picture of fast life in Paris just before the fall of the Empire, when gaiety there was at its fullest and most reckless swing, perhaps, but the details might shock some of my fair readers.

Let me, then, recount solely that part of the conversation which touches directly upon the subject before us.

"Tell me, mademoiselle; I believe, during the earlier part of your stay at the Rue Princesse, you followed your business as a seamstress. Can you tell me the names of the tailors for whom you did work?" asked Macé.

"Certainly," was the ready reply. "There was Renould, Durand, Martin, Voirbo, and Cartier."

"Which was the one who visited you so frequently, and carried up the water for you?" he asked.

"Do you know where he resides now? It is necessary that I find him without delay. It is on most important business," remarked Macé.

"Before he got married he lived in the Rue Mazarine,

Within an hour she was seated in his office.

but I forget the number." Then, in answer to M. Macé's interrogations, the little "chanteuse" told him that this man Voirbo worked but little, seemed always to have money, played cards, drank heavily, and frequented cafés. She also declared that he was mixed up in politics, and attended the Red Republican meetings so numerous at that period.

Asked whether he had many friends or relations, Mdlle. Dard informed the commissary that she knew of one with whom he was most intimate. His name was Désiré, or Père Désiré, as he was usually called. He was a little old man who had an aunt residing in the Rue de Nesles. She was a bandage-marker, and her name was Bodasse.

Without a moment's delay, M. Macé sent a special messenger to fetch the old lady, and in the course of half-an-hour she arrived, Mdlle. Dard chattering away gaily the whole while.

She was immediately recognised by the singer, and told M. Macé that she had a nephew, who lived in the Rue Dauphine on his means. His name was Désiré Bodasse. He had formely been an upholsterer, but had saved money and was horribly mean and eccentric. She had not seen him for a month—not since December 13th, when she, M. Voirbo, and her nephew were at the "Café Beuglant" together. Being asked to describe this Voirbo, she said he was very short and dark, usually wore a long overcoat and a tall silk hat.

Undoubtedly Macé was on the right scent at last, and he dismissed Mdlle. Dard, called a cab, and, with Mdme. Bodasse, drove to the Morgue. There the socks so plainly marked, the parts of the stockings to which they had been stitched, and the pieces of iron-grey trousers were produced for the old lady's inspection. Without the slightest hesitation she identified them as belonging to her nephew; she had marked the socks with the "x.B.v." with her own hands, and had sewn the socks to the stockings to keep her nephew's feet warm. She could also account for the scar upon the leg, M. Bodasse having some month or so before cut his leg by falling upon a piece of a broken bottle.

Macé was now completely satisfied. The murdered man was Désiré Bodasse, of 5, Rue Dauphine. They both drove to that residence and interrogated the "porter," whose lodge was on the first floor. It was a curious old house, with long, dark passages and corners, making it difficult for the porter to see everybody who entered or left. Both he and his wife were certain that M. Bodasse had been at home every night, for they had seen a light in his room for the past two weeks; besides which she had seen him talking to some girls only the day before at the entrance to the Passage du Commerce.

Naturally this shook M. Macé's conviction that he had established the identity, especially as the aunt informed him that the old gentleman would frequently disappear for a month at a time, and sometimes shut himself in his room for a whole week, having his letters thrust under the door and answering nobody.

So he could do nothing but await the issue of events at the Rue Dauphine, asking the porter to keep a sharp look-out, first having placed a test-letter under the door, and promising to call again on the morrow.

In the meanwhile he went to Voirbo's old address in the Rue Mazarine, and discovered that he was living in the Rue Lamartine, also that he was a very loose character, with dissipated habits, before his marriage to a tailor's daughter named Rédamondé, who had brought him a dowry of £600, and was about entering a convent when Voirbo came on the scene. Then he found his old servant, and obtained an important statement from her. She said:—

On Thursday, December 17th, on arriving at M. Voirbo's rooms at eight o'clock in the morning to clean the place, I found him already dressed and ready to go out. Everything was tidy in his apartment; the bed made, the room swept, the furniture dusted, and the fire—a very big fire—had been lit for a considerable time, as the stove was red-hot."

"But what is there surprising in all that, Mdme. Pertant?" asked M. Macé.

"As a rule Voirbo was not so industrious," said the widow, with a smile. "When I was in the habit of coming to clean his room he never did anything to it. I thought it strange that he should have done so, knowing that I should be there to perform the work. But that is nothing. What astonished me was that under and around the stove the bricks of the floor were white, whilst at a distance the bricks were still wet, as if with a great quantity of water. I said to Voirbo, 'You must be mad to throw down such a quantity of water on the floor of the room in which you sleep, when it is so cold!' 'Oh, don't speak about it,' said he. 'I thought I should have been roasted yesterday night.' 'How is that?' I asked. 'An old woman came to me who was either daft or drunk, and asked me to mend a pair of trousers—the

only pair her husband possessed. I sent her to the devil with her trousers, when she got into a rage, and, turning to go out, either on purpose or by accident, dropped a bottle of paraffin oil on the floor. As the stove was alight, I was afraid that the liquid might take fire, and I threw on the floor all the water which was in my two pails.'

"'Ah, if you had seen what a mess that woman made!' Voirbo continued. 'I am smiling now; but I did not laugh last night. The smell of the paraffin was so unbearable that I had to open my window, and had to go to my friend Désiré. You know that his bed is not large, but I have been able to sleep a little. I came back here at five o'clock this morning to put everything in order. I have been waiting for you, so that I might go away. Business anything of their tenant. The letter was still under the door. It was time to put an end to all doubt. Macé and his officers knocked loudly, and, there being no response, the lock was picked, and they entered. The place was in perfect order, but there was a layer of dust upon the furniture. Evidently nobody had slept in the bed for some time. Then they observed a number of half-burnt wax matches upon the floor. They counted seventeen. On the mantelpiece there were two cardboard boxes to hold eight candles each. There was one only remaining, so presumably fifteen had been burnt. This number corresponded with the number of matches, for it was found that two had failed to ignite. The conclusion come to, then, was there had been a light in the room upon fifteen occasions. Each candle would last for about three hours

FOUND A TINY PIECE OF PINK PAPER IN THE CASE.

of importance will keep me all day long. I shall not now require you, so do not come until next Thursday.'"

"Did he say anything about his friend Bodasse?" asked M. Macé.

"Yes; they were inseparable friends, you know. Voirbo said: 'Do you know that this old miser, Désiré, spends all his money with girls, and refuses to lend me ten thousand francs to establish myself? You will see that this old blockhead will prevent my marriage by not lending me the money. As it is now, my proposed wife seems more inclined to enter a convent than to enter a church with me. I wished him to be my principal witness; but the old fool chose to go off on a long journey.' He had begged the loan of £400, but the 'mean old wretch,' as he called Désiré, had refused."

At last Macé had discovered a motive for the crime.

Next day he was at the Rue Dauphine again with Mdme. Bodasse. The porter had neither seen nor heard —agreeing with the time the porter had stated lights were seen, viz., from eight until eleven. It was evident somebody had been there, with the intention to make believe Bodasse was at home. That it was not he was evident, for his favourite walking-stick which he always carried, the tall hat which he always wore, and, in fact, the only one he possessed, were there, together with his watch hanging on the wall. The clock in the room was going, and recorded the right hour, so that it must have been wound up every twenty-four hours.

The missing man's aunt showed M. Macé a strong cabinet in which, she declared, her nephew kept his valuables, having told her how to open it in case anything happened to him. "If anything happens to me," he said, "you will find all my papers and valuables in there. I keep them in an old green pocket-book." On opening the box and drawer, it was found to be empty. Then, as luck would have it, Macé, whilst examining the watch,

found a tiny piece of pink paper in the case with figures upon it relating to Italian Government securities of the issue of 1861.

Now the commissary was well assured. The next move was to trap this somebody who was paying regular visits to the apartment in order to keep up the delusion that Bodasse was alive. He would secrete his officers in the room and arrest anybody who should enter. Two men were accordingly selected, and the following instructions given to them:—

1. To stop in the cupboards—one at the foot, the other at the head of the bed;
2. After seven o'clock at night not to go out of the room but upon the gravest of reasons;
3. To be absent for meals only one after the other;

One of them let Voirbo into the secret of their surveillance.

4. No light, no fire, no smoke. Not to open the window nor to displace any article;
5. Not to speak and not to make any noise;
6. To arrest any person who should enter the room;
7. To keep that person in the room, and to send to the commissaire.

In spite of all these precautions, however, the trap failed, for the two officers—not his own men—had carried out their instructions in a disgraceful manner. They not only showed themselves and frequently passed in and out, but one of them let Voirbo into the secret of their surveillance. To the disgust and annoyance of Macé, he found the very man to whom he was bringing the crime home on the most intimate terms with the officers who were told off to trap him. Possibly there was some excuse for the action of these men, for, of course, they did not know that it was Voirbo they were set to catch, and, furthermore, they knew him to be a secret agent of the police, so made a confidant of him.

However, Macé knew that, now he was on his guard, there was no time to be lost. He must be arrested at any cost. The bird might be found to have flown one morning.

In the meanwhile the commissary had paid a visit to Voirbo's late lodgings in the Rue Mazarine and made inquiries. He discovered the people to whom he was in the habit of paying his rent, and ascertained that when he left he had given the proprietor an Italian share for the amount of £20 (500 francs), which he had cashed for him at the money-changers', and handed him the balance.

This was another nail in Voirbo's coffin. Yet Macé felt that his hand was scarcely strong enough even yet. The cunning man would have an answer, however unsatisfactory, for every charge. To begin with, he was not the only tailor who used glazed calico; many people besides he knew the way into the courtyard of the Rue Princesse, by pressing the spring; why should he not have been in Désiré's company the last time he was seen alive?—they were constantly together; he had explained in a most satisfactory manner the washing of the floor in his lodgings in the Rue Mazarine; and the Italian security might have been cashed by Voirbo for Désiré, the latter having received the change.

All this arguing was very well; still, Macé was convinced that he had found the murderer. He had never seen him, so he determined to contrive that he should be brought into his presence.

And now it will be as well to point out the difference between the preliminary steps of the French criminal law as compared with the English. Here a suspected person is treated as innocent until he is actually proved to be guilty. In France it is customary to lay traps for a suspected person to fall into, to cross-examine him closely, and to call upon him to give an account of his time and actions. Thus Voirbo might be called upon to explain his relations with Bodasse up to the very last moment. The commissary decided to summon him to his presence. It was nothing but a request for him to call at the office, but in reality it was equivalent to a formal arrest until he had explained himself satisfactorily.

At last Macé was face to face with his man. He found him a short, very stout man about thirty years of age, with full face, black hair and moustache, brown eyes, with long nose, small ears, powerful, large hands with thick, fat fingers. He gave the impression of possessing unusual energy, strength, and determination.

He was perfectly cool, although he flushed slightly as he took a seat in Macé's private room; but his answers were prompt and precise. Voirbo affected great anxiety about his ex-friend's disappearance, and broadly hinted that he belonged to the secret police, and that it had been his intention to apply to his own chief to offer his services. As a matter of fact, he had on more than one occasion made up his mind to call upon M. Macé, but that he had been informed that, owing to the youth and inexperience of M. Macé, the case would be taken out of his hands.

The officer noticed the sneer, and more than ever determined to be even with him. He confessed that the affair was beyond his grasp at present, and intimated that he should throw the whole thing up if he obtained no clue shortly. He went so far as to tell Voirbo that he would with pleasure accept his services, and that if they together did not succeed in running down the murderer he would withdraw from the case.

This suggestion, that they were to hunt in couples, pleased Voirbo immensely, and before he left Macé he had received 100 francs for his immediate expenses, and they had made arrangements to attend a revolutionary meeting, at which Voirbo, the disguised police spy, was to speak.

Then Voirbo, who showed himself full of cunning, and wonderfully astute, resourceful, and always on his guard, played the old game so favoured by criminals to relieve themselves from suspicion. He tried to fix the guilt on a

drunkard and gambler named Rifler, who was a pork-butcher. A watch was put on him, and he, with three of his associates, were summoned to appear before Macé and interrogated. None of them denied knowing Bordasse, and Rifler admitted using the expression, "We must get rid of the old man," but he declared that it had quite a harmless meaning. Two of them, indeed, had been in gaol at the time of Désiré's disappearance.

Meanwhile, Voirbo, for his own ends, plied Rifler with drink to such an extent that the sodden wretch, after going stark, staring mad, died of delirium tremens in the asylum. Then Voirbo tried to make believe that the real culprit had escaped them, and that it was useless to pursue inquiries farther.

Not so Macé, however. He was more confident than ever, and the time at last had come when he must, at all hazards, arrest his suspect, and make his guilt conclusive afterwards. He was meditating how he should arrange this delicate little business when the very next day Voirbo, who had been rather shy of coming into the office, entered an appearance. It was very early, and it was evident the man's anxiety to fix the crime once for all on Rifler, who had died a day or two before, was the cause of his unusual anxiety.

When M. Macé entered the offices he found Voirbo reading a paper in the ante-room.

"Ah, M. Voirbo, you are early! Something of importance to communicate, eh? Come into my room, and excuse me for a little while so that I may look at my letters."

M. Macé determined that the arrest should be made then and there. But the hour was very early, and a great deal of caution was necessary. Several of the officers would not arrive for an hour, and this Voirbo was a desperate fellow when cornered. He would lay his plans, and engage his visitor until they were matured. Returning to the room with an apology to Voirbo, who was apparently absorbed in the paper, but who, as a matter of fact, was paying no attention to it at all, Macé commenced opening his letters and making notes. At length he again claimed Voirbo's indulgence, asking him if he were in a hurry, and received an answer in the negative.

"Thank you," said Macé. "Then I will now answer this letter, which is of the utmost importance."

He then wrote full instructions as to his method of capture. His secretary was first of all to close the outside gates and fasten them. He was then to send one of the officers in with some fuel for the fire and to brush up the hearth, taking out with him the poker, tongs, and shovel. When he rang his bell the first time Rongué was to enter the room and stand at his desk, as if waiting for a letter, and Champy and Leroy, his secretary, were to be in readiness to dash into the room immediately on the sound of the second bell.

He summoned a messenger, and handed him the letter,

HE AND THREE OF HIS ASSOCIATES WERE SUMMONED TO APPEAR.

telling him to give it to M. Leroy, who was to attend to it immediately, and then turned to Voirbo, saying that he was now at that worthy's service.

The conversation, as might be expected, at once turned upon the death of Rifler, and Voirbo said, "Of course he was the murderer of my dear friend, Désiré Bodasse; but I find that there were others concerned. You are aware that the dead man was very fond of the fair sex; in fact, he was incorrigible with the ladies. I have discovered that there was a petticoat in this affair and am sure that Rifler and others were in the business. You know, M. Macé, you asked me for the address of the girl of whom we were speaking; I have it for you—— But pardon me, are you not well this morning, or have you lost interest in this case now that the drunkard Rifler is dead?"

"Oh, no," said Macé quietly. "On the contrary, I am more interested than ever. I feel that I am getting nearer and nearer the end of this troublesome case. I will explain when you have finished. Let me have the address."

Voirbo rose from his chair, and produced a pocket-

book. Macé was standing near to him, with his back to the fire, when he turned round, poked it, and at that moment an officer entered with the coals and removed the fire-irons.

"Pardon the interruption, M. Voirbo; but it is very cold, and they regard my comforts. Proceed."

Taking his pocket-book out Voirbo runs through some papers in his endeavour to find the address. Whilst doing so a card falls to the floor. In an instant Macé stoops, picks it up, and returns it to him with a bow; not before, however, he has seen the name of a well-known line of transatlantic steamers upon it. Voirbo was unable to find the address, and explained that he had left it on his table at home.

An officer entered with the coals and removed the fireirons.

"I'll send an officer for it," said Macé, touching the bell, when Ringué saluted and walked to the table.

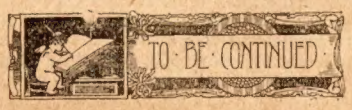
"Not at all necessary," said Voirbo. "I'll post it to you immediately I get home."

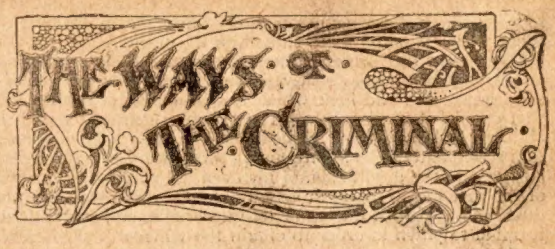
"Very well, then, M. Voirbo. That is all you have to say to me this morning?" And for a second time he touched the bell.

The door flew open, Leroy placed his back against the window, and Champy blocked the door.

"Arrest that man, sergeant!" said Macé; and Ringué advanced.

"M. Voirbo, you are my prisoner!"





XVI.—THE MEN WITH THE "GOLD DUST," AND OTHERS.

IN America, the land of many big things, people who live in the great cities are quite familiar with the "gold brick" swindle. But "Mr. Hayseed, from Wayback," comes up from his country farm to spend a few days in New York or Washington, and goes back a sadder and wiser man. He is almost certain to meet the "bunco steerer," who has in his wallet a solid gold brick which he is only too anxious to sell at a quarter its actual value. Mr. Hayseed is walking along looking at the big buildings, when someone slaps him familiarly on the back and says, "Hullo, Brown, how are you?" The farmer, when he recovers his head, replies, "Excuse me, but I'm Hayseed, from Wayback." Whereat the stranger apologises for the mistake he has made, and withdraws. So the tiller of the soil continues on his way, gripsack in hand, until, after going a block or so farther, he is accosted by another well-dressed stranger, who, with all the air of an old acquaintance, greets the farmer with, "By Jove, Hayseed, old man, fancy seeing you here!" Hayseed is taken aback. So far as his memory serves him, he has not seen the affable stranger

The Bunco Steerer.

before. The latter, however, has made up his mind to "cotton" to the farmer, and quickly draws the old man's attention from the excitement of city life to the joys of the country. He reminds the old chap that he stayed at another farm close

to " Wayback " during a couple of summers, invites him to " liquor up," and offers to show him the sights.

By-and-by the farmer becomes interested in his new-found acquaintance, and is greatly taken up with the latter's description of the bad luck which has been his lot during the past couple of weeks or so. The " bunco steerer," who has obtained " Hayseed's " name from the man who accosted him so violently, tells a long and pathetic story of a desperate struggle in the gold fields, of his eventual success there, and of the fact that, having amassed a considerable sum in gold dust, he has turned the whole lot into bricks, one of which he has had to pawn in order to obtain the wherewithal to exist.

A Remarkable Story of the Discovery of Gold by some Political Prisoners.

He explains that he has left the brick at " uncle's " for the reason that he was not able to obtain its full value on the open market, and adds that for old acquaintance sake he will part with it to Hayseed for a tithe of its real value.

From the fact that the New York police are always on the lookout for " bunco steerers," it may be readily believed that the sale of " gold bricks " is pretty extensive.

Europe has also had its gold swindle, and just recently two men were charged with having attempted to " work it " on a detective sergeant. This crime is known to the London police as the Rija gold dust frauds, and it is stated that the gang who have operated the swindle have made many thousands of pounds by disposing of brass filings for gold dust. Some years ago several members of the gang were arrested in Russia and heavily sentenced, but during the past twelve months or so frauds on a most extensive scale were carried out all over the Continent, and the police of many nations were on the lookout for the swindlers.

It seems that the method of the gang is to approach a man of wealth and offer to sell him large quantities of gold dust, and much below (say 40 per cent.) the actual market value. They tell a remarkable story of the discovery of gold by some political prisoners or high officers of state in Siberia, go on to relate how the find has been kept an absolute secret, and describe the manner in which the dust was smuggled out of the Tsar's dominions and brought to that city for sale. The men engaged were always dressed in the height of fashion, and to deepen the mystery of their undertaking, carried the " gold " in small pouches securely strapped round their bodies next to the skin. In the case which we referred to above, it was alleged that the police sergeant was offered 90 pounds weight of gold dust for £2,228, or about 35 per cent. below the market price of gold. In the frauds that were successfully carried out, when the negotiations proved satisfactory, the " gold " (brass filings) was taken to the intending buyer's house, where the gang even went to the length of testing real samples—usually a small nugget—with aquafortis, and also by means of heated charcoal, a spirit-lamp and a blow-pipe. Then the intending buyer would be asked to test the " gold " himself, and the bag would be cut open. The gang then rang the changes with real gold, and when the purchaser wished to test with aquafortis, they would cleverly substitute a bottle containing water for that containing the acid.

The gang were frequently able to escape when discovered, owing to the fact that the buyer did not desire that his share in the transaction should be disclosed.

As we said in a previous article, it is the old tricks which gain the most money. For instance, what is known as the " Spanish swindle," which has been practised for more than half-a-century, is still being worked from various parts of the Continent with any amount of success. Regularly from Scotland Yard warnings against this scheme are issued, but just as regularly the smart foreign criminals pick out their victim and fleece him pretty smartly. One morning the postbox of a stolid Englishman contains a letter with the postmark of a Spanish town. It is from a grandee or merchant of that country, who offers a fortune for a small sum of money (which he frequently obtains and then forgets all about the wealth which was to have rewarded the good Samaritan), and for those of our readers who have not seen the letters we give a couple of them, which are fairly representative. The first reads :

" Gentlemen,—The imperious law of circumstances compels me to write to you, for knowing if you would aid me to carry out an affair of the utmost importance, whereof depends the only future from my young daughter, and if you act according my instructions, also yours own pros-

Received an Elaborately Printed Form.

perity. The matter in question consist in the regain of a small iron box, buried into a sure place at the environs of yours vicinity, which contains the sum of £37,000.

" Supposing you accept my proposal, I should like sooner possible to hear if you have the confidence necessary for sending the money to redeem my equipment at the hands of the tribunal.

" Due to my precarious situation, I can't to give you now more particulars regarding this business, because I am in gaol, but at yours reply I shall be glad to say you openly all the details for the sure recovery of my box, trusting before all wish yours discretion and reserve.

"Anxious to hear from you to act in consequence, I am, yours most unfortunate servant,

"FELIPE GARCIA."

"P.S.—Please putting your reply under a double envelope, thus: 'For the cell 99,' and the exterior excreetly at the following address." (Here follows an elaborate address in Valencia.) "From my sad gaol to-day."

Here it will be seen the prisoner is anxious to recover some buried treasure. If that letter was replied to, an answer would speedily return, asking for a certain amount of money. Should the recipient of the application be fool enough to part with his good gold, then he might reckon himself amongst "the legions of the lost ones," for he would never hear of the prisoner again.

The second letter comes from Barcelona, and is as follows:

"Sir,—Prisoner here from failure. I beg of you if you will help me to redeem a cheque at the bearer of £72,000 that I possess about a foreign bank, and for you to come here and raise the seizure of my baggages, paying to registry the necessary expenses, with orders to take possession

The Assistant asks if the Gentleman has not a Smaller Amount.

of a trunk, containing a secret drawer, in which is closed the cheque, which you will cash without any difficulty. As amends I will cede you the amount of the sum. (This is delightfully vague.)

"As I don't know that you are of the same reason, and for fear that my letter will not reach you, I will wait your reply before to sign my name and entrust you with my secret.

"I cannot receive your reply in prison, but you will send a despatch, as below, with a sure person, who will remit it to me safely.

"Waiting your reply, I only sign it. Above all, answer by telegraph—not by letter."

There is nothing very ingenious about the swindle, but it is astonishingly successful.

A fraud on somewhat similar lines was carried out at the commencement of June. It is said that many boarding-house keepers in the South of England were badly "had." The trick was worked by a Frenchman, at least that is what he pretended to be, and, according to the Paris correspondent of a daily paper, his method was as follows:

The landlord or landlady fixed upon received in the first place a letter dated from Paris in the following terms:

"My wife and myself wish to make a stay of three months in England, and we offer you for our three months' pension, bedroom, etc., the sum of £60. All to be paid in advance. Address reply to B——, poste restante, Aubervilliers, Seine."

For reply, from the boarding-house keeper, would come another letter, which said:

"I have placed to your credit £120 in the bank. This sum will be paid to you at your personal residence by the Union Bank correspondent within five or six days. There are only £60 for you, the amount agreed upon; the surplus, £60, you will keep to pay our extra expenses. We leave this evening for Guernsey on a visit to my wife's relatives; we shall remain there six or seven days, and then take the steamer for Weymouth or Southampton. We take only one travelling trunk with us; our other trunks (four) will be forwarded by the general messenger. I have just written to their principal agent, instructing him to have them taken from the suburban railway cloakroom and sent on to you, carriage forward. You will pay the cost of carriage for my account."

Then the victim received an elaborately printed form, headed: "Declaration d'Expedition en Petite Vitesse," relating to the forwarding of the trunks and an advice note requesting 24s. 6d. to be sent in blank postal order to a certain address in Paris. The postal order was sent, but no trunks have ever arrived, nor any bank remittance. The headquarters of the swindle was a boarding-house in Paris.

Here is a particularly neat swindle which tradesmen, more particularly jewellers, should beware of.

A well-dressed man enters a shop (usually a jeweller's), and proceeds to select various small articles. He pays for them in cash, and as he is about to pick up his change another spruce-looking person, who had followed the first at a short interval, offers a ten-pound note in payment for an article which he has purchased from a second shopman. The assistant, like a careful man, is loth to leave his open cases, and asks if the gentleman has not got a smaller amount. "Oh, I can change it for you," puts in the first customer, who promptly produces ten sovereigns. With the gold the second man pays and departs, while the first lingers at the counter. Some attractive geegaw or other, worth about £10, has caught his eye, and he asks to be allowed to examine it. Having done so, he decides to purchase it, but finds that, with the exception of the £10 note, he has not sufficient money. The assistant takes the note and returns with the change, after which the customer leaves.

No suspicions are aroused until later in the day when the note turns out to be a smart counterfeit. The assistant explains how he came to accept it, adding that as one gentleman had changed it for another gentleman without hesitation, and as they appeared to be perfect strangers, he concluded that the note must be a good one, and had not scrutinised it as closely as he otherwise might have done.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the two customers were in league with each other, that the incident had been carefully planned and rehearsed, and that long before the swindle had been discovered they had disposed of the jewellery and had changed their "shopping rig" for an ordinary suit of clothes, which very much altered their appearance.

He Frightened the Young Judge.

DANIEL O'CONNELL was once defending a prisoner for a capital crime, and the solicitor informed him that there was really no defence.

Serjeant Lefroy was acting for the judge, who had been taken suddenly ill, and being young and inexperienced, and his character known to the great Daniel, the latter put several questions to one of the witnesses which were quite inadmissible, and which were, of course, objected to by the opposing counsel. Serjeant Lefroy at length decisively stopped further questions of the same kind, and O'Connell, with apparent warmth, said:

"As you refuse me permission to defend my client, I leave his fate in your hands—his blood be on your head if he be condemned" He then left the court hastily, and paced up and down outside for half an hour. At the end of this period his solicitor rushed out of court, shouting:

"He's acquitted! he's acquitted!"

O'Connell's ruse had been successful, and he told his friends afterwards that he had purposely tried to throw the responsibility of the conviction on the Serjeant.

THE

Framlingham Tragedy

MURDER OF A VICAR BY HIS CURATE.

"I am a mortal man, and die I must,
And that ere long; and I must then appear
Before the awful judgment seat of Christ,
To give account of deeds done in the body."
—LONGFELLOW, "John Endicott."

IN the little town of Cretingham, which is six miles from Framlingham, in Suffolk, there lived in the year 1887 the Rev. Mr. Farley, vicar of Cretingham, and his wife. The other inmates of the vicarage were, in addition to a groom and a maid-servant, a young curate, the Rev. Arthur Edward Gilbert Cooper. He had been engaged by Mr. Farley in the year 1886, on account of the state of the latter gentleman's health not permitting him to fulfil his duties.

About the year 1851 there came from Eton to Pembroke College, as exhibitioner, a gentleman of very high attainments, named Mr. Naunton Samuel Shuldham. He rowed in his college boat to the stroke of the famous Meade King, who never lost a race at Eton or at Oxford, and rowed twice in the winning 'Varsity boat at Henley and at Putney. In 1853 Mr. Shuldham was elected demy of Magdalen, when her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, appointed him tutor to Prince Leopold, and the world characterised the selection as a most judicious one. After some considerable time he resigned his appointment at Court and married a lady of family and fortune, a Miss Quantock, heiress to Quantock Park, Somersetshire. He had scarcely settled down to married life when, to the horror of his friends, he went raving mad and died, and was followed to the grave very soon after by his devoted wife.

Miss Shuldham, a sister of Mr. Shuldham, married a Mr. Gilbert Cooper, and one of the sons of the union became a pupil of Magdalen College, where he was a great favourite, and where he graduated in 1875. This was the young curate who, in 1886, was engaged by the Rev. Mr. Farley as curate at Cretingham Rectory.

On Saturday, October 1st, 1887, both Mr. Farley and the curate complained of feeling unwell, the former retiring early in the evening. The curate stayed up some time after, and there was nothing in his conduct to attract attention or cause suspicion. He read prayers, as usual, at 10 p.m., and soon after went to his room. About two hours afterwards, that is to say, at or near midnight, Mr. Cooper appeared at the vicar's bedroom door, and, without waiting for a response, opened it and was about to walk in, when Mrs. Farley, seeing that he was attired only in his dressing-gown, ran to the door and pushed him out, and turned the key in the lock. Her husband, however, said to her, "Poor fellow, let him in and see what he wants," whereupon Mrs. Farley opened the door and allowed him to enter the room. He immediately walked round to the side of the bed on which the vicar was, and a few words passed between them, Cooper being heard to say, "What do you mean?" Mrs. Farley thereupon requested him to leave the room, and he at once did as she had asked, closing the door behind him. The vicar then called out to his wife, "He has cut my throat!" and rolled out of bed with his throat cut from ear to ear.

Mrs. Farley rushed out of the room and called for assistance, and, in response to her cries, the groom came up, and was at once despatched for medical aid. He returned with Dr. George Jones, but that gentleman declared that life was extinct. He found Mr. Farley lying on the floor by the side of the bed, on his back, his windpipe being badly cut, but not completely severed, though the jugular vein was. He had been dead some minutes when the doctor arrived.

An inquest was held at the Bell Inn, Cretingham, in the afternoon of Monday, October 3, and a verdict of "Wilful murder" against the curate, Arthur Edward Gilbert Cooper, was returned. On his name being entered as Edgar Gilbert Cooper by the coroner, he corrected that gentleman with the remark, "Edward, if you please!" The age of the deceased was 73, whilst Cooper was 34.

In the meantime the relatives and friends of the accused had been communicated with, and, owing to their efforts and the representations made by them, a special sessions was opened at the Court House, Framlingham, on Thursday, October 6, before Lieut.-Colonel Barlow, F. S. Corrance, Esq. (chairman), C. Austin, Esq., and J. B. Chevallier, Esq.

The accused was brought before the magistrates, and, on his name being called, he absolutely refused to stand in the dock. Two or three policemen attempted forcibly to place

Allowed him to enter.

him there, and a severe struggle took place. No doubt the police would have proved the victors in the end, but the magistrates stopped the undignified affair, and allowed the prisoner to stand in the centre of the court.

It was asserted that Cooper cut the throat of Mr. Farley while suffering from mental aberration. Mrs. Farley, in her evidence, said that the prisoner had been treated more like a son than anything else. Mr. Farley was a very stout man, advanced in years, and unable to go about as he could when younger and more active. The prisoner was over 30, but she, witness, had always treated him as a boy. There was a suggestion that some considerable animus existed between deceased and the prisoner, but this was strenuously denied by Mrs. Farley, who said there had only been some slight unpleasantness between them about money matters. She and the prisoner were accustomed to go out walks together, and Mr. Farley not only approved of this, but often

expressed his pleasure that she could have someone to escort her, now that he himself was unable to do so, as he would not, on any account, have her to stay indoors solely on his account.

The following letter was handed in to the prisoner's solicitor:

"Milton Ernest Vicarage, Bedford, October 4, 1887.

"SIR,—I have read with horror the tragic occurrence in which Mr. G. Cooper's name figures. I have no doubt, from the description given, that he is the same gentleman that twelve years ago was an assistant-master under me in a school I then had at Godalming. He had to leave school at an hour's notice owing to his passionate attack on a boy. In other respects we liked him very much, but his temper at times seemed beyond his control.

"If this will be of the slightest use in evidence, in explaining his present conduct, kindly let the right authorities know.—E. S. DODD."

MRS. FARLEY RUSHED FROM THE ROOM AND CALLED FOR ASSISTANCE.

It was stated that Dr. Squire, of 6, Orchard Street, Portman Square, London, could give proofs of the insanity of the prisoner. The following letter was also read:

"Northumberland House, Green Lanes, Finsbury Park.

"DEAR SIR,—Seeing that there were no relatives present at the inquest to give any of the antecedents of Mr. Cooper, I think it only right to state that Mr. Cooper was under my care in this asylum under certificates of lunacy from August to November, 1878, suffering from mania, with homicidal tendencies, which were of so strong a character that I had to have him transferred to another asylum better suited to the treatment of such cases.

"FRANCIS J. WRIGHT, M.D."

It was proved that the prisoner was engaged from 1882 to 1885 as curate to the vicar of River and Guston, at Dover. During his stay there his conduct was very eccentric, and in the end, owing to his strange manner, he left his curacy somewhat suddenly. He had had a sunstroke in India when quite a lad.

The object of the prisoner's friends in having the special session was to obtain, if possible, the committal of the accused to a lunatic asylum, and obviate his appearance at the Assizes. They tried to prove that he was not in a fit state, mentally, to plead to the charge, but it was decided that he must take his trial at the next Winter Assizes, which were opened at Norwich Castle by Mr. Justice Field, on Friday, November 18, 1887.

On that day Mr. Murphy, Q.C., made an application that a jury should be empannelled to try whether prisoner was fit to plead. Two physicians deposed to prisoner's present insanity and inability to instruct counsel, both, however, stating that he was able to distinguish between a plea of guilty or not guilty. His lordship informed the jury that the English law was not at a point when a man charged with a crime should not be put upon his trial because of the opinion of an expert, however eminent that gentleman might be. It was better that the crime might be dealt with openly in Court.

The jury found that the prisoner was capable of pleading, and the trial proceeded. The evidence given by Mrs. Farley was a repetition of what she stated at the magisterial inquiry.

Dr. Jones, of Framlingham, described an interview with prisoner in the police cell on October 5. He asked the prisoner if he would take any medicine to cure his sleeplessness, to which he replied contemptuously, "Medicine! No. You can cut my throat, if you like!"

Several medical men testified that in 1878 to 1882 prisoner was under treatment as a lunatic, that he once attempted to cut another patient's throat, and tried to throttle a second man. He was so dangerous that it was deemed necessary to remove him to St. Luke's Lunatic Asylum. Dr. Mickley said that the prisoner had told him that he heard the voices of spirits telling him to do the deed.

The learned judge summed up the evidence and informed the jury that from what the doctors had said there could be no doubt that the prisoner had at one time been insane and possessed of a powerful homicidal mania. It was for them to say whether or not he was responsible for his actions at the time he committed the deed with which he was now charged.

After a short deliberation the jury returned a verdict that the prisoner was insane, and he was ordered to be detained in an asylum during her Majesty's pleasure.

THE CRUELTY OF..... Dr. Cross

A TALE OF A DISTINGUISHED ARMY SURGEON WHO STOOPED TO WIFE-MURDER.

"Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving."
—SHAKESPEARE, "Sonnets."

PERHAPS of all the counties in the Emerald Isle none is more typical than County Cork. Mainly an agricultural district, its broad expanses are rich with that deep green which has given to the sister country its poetic name. True, more varied scenery may be found in other parts of the island, but for smiling peace, for evident prosperity, the extreme south bears the palm. On the west coast the grandeur of the rocks, indented by the never-ceasing wash of the Atlantic, appeals to some, while others delight in the towering mountains, purpled with the bloom of the heather, and, at times, relieved by yellow patches of gorse; but these types of scenery are more generally associated with the coasts of Scotland, or the Fiords of Scandinavia, than with the land of St. Patrick. It is in the midst of this smiling pastoral province that the scene of the present history is laid.

Some little distance from the capital city lies the hamlet of Dripsey, close to the town of Coachford, and on the outskirts of this village stands a rather pretentious building, with the more pretentious name of Shandy Hall. We should call the place a substantial farm house, but Paddy delights to make mansions and towers and manor houses out of the most ordinary habitations. The building was surrounded by a small holding of land, which was undoubtedly well kept, and in the pastures several sleek cows were to be seen grazing contentedly.

The occupier of this farm in the years 1886 and 1887 was one Philip Cross, an elderly gentleman, of commanding appearance and blessed with an irascible temper. For the latter peculiarity there was some little excuse, for he was a retired army surgeon, and had served his country with sword and lancet in the torrid climes of the East; hence, when he retired, he was entitled to leave the army with a liver and a flow of profanity which, till lately, was considered the sole perquisite of the Anglo-Indian.

In his immediate district Dr. Cross was not very popular, possibly because he was cantankerous, and always prating about his rights, the only political asset which the genuine Irishman does not understand if it runs counter to his own ideas of "Justice to Ireland." He had a wife, Mary Laura Cross, a quiet, inoffensive, affectionate woman, whom people felt kindly disposed to, and who was rather laughed at for her blind devotion to her irascible lord and master. There were several children, the fruit of the union, who also lived with their parents at Shandy Hall, leading a sound, healthy country life.

If the doctor was not popular, his relations were, and a good many of the country folk called at the Hall, and soon terms of friendship existed between the surrounding neighbours and the Crosses.

But into this little Irish Arcadia a serpent entered disguised—a serpent which laboured under the disadvantage of not knowing its dangerous properties.

In the early part of 1886, Mr. and Mrs. Caulfield, one of the principal families near Dripsey, had in their employ a governess named Skinner. She was quite young, being barely twenty-one, and was very pretty. With the hospitality for which the Irish are celebrated, no difference was made between the governess and any other inmate of the Caulfield's house, and she was to be seen in the drawing-room as often as in the schoolroom. Being a pleasant girl, she was rapidly taken into favour throughout the village, and was frequently invited to the family festivities in the houses round about.

It was at one of these little parties that she first met Mrs. Cross, who took a fancy to the young woman, and rapidly made friends with her. The children, too, liked Miss Skinner, and when towards the end of October, 1886, her engagement with Mrs. Caulfield terminated, it was proposed that she should take a similar position in the Shandy Hall ménage. She agreed, and immediately transferred her allegiance to the Crosses.

Dr. Cross was at that time about sixty-two years of age, and his hair showed signs of the years which had passed over his head. He was the very last in whom one would have thought the subtle god, Cupid, would have wished to plant his arrows for a second time. He was married to a woman whom he believed he loved, he was fond of his children, he had an honourable position, and the means wherewith to support the same, and he had been brought up in the strictest paths of honour; but no one can account for the vagaries of love.

Gradually, Dr. Cross began to notice the grace with which the beautiful young addition to his household used to move about the drawing-room, and he found himself looking at her as he sat reading in the long evenings of the winter. At first he made efforts to turn his eyes away from her, and to rivet them on his faithful wife, the mother of his children, but, try as he would, the magnetic influence of the fresh and lovely girl drew him to her.

He argued with himself that the whole situation was absurd, and that he could not possibly think of a girl who might well be a daughter of his own. But in that very thought he found the solution of his difficulties; he would be merely a platonic father to her.

Thus he lulled his conscience into a fictitious calm, telling himself that the interest he had in Miss Skinner was nothing but the natural affection which a father felt for an adopted child. Daily the magnetism of the charmer compelled him to look at her, and one day, when in a semi-unconscious moment he was staring at her, she noticed him doing so, blushed, and cast down her eyes again.

The spark which was to destroy the happiness of Dripsey, to embitter many against each other, to cost the life of an innocent woman and that of a guilty man, to bring disgrace and ruin on an honoured name, had been set alight. Henceforth "the father" watched his "daughter" more carefully, and, alas! "the daughter" returned his glances.

Shortly after this they met in one of the passages of the rambling house.

"Where are you running to, Miss Skinner?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, I am only going up to the schoolroom, Dr. Cross," was the reply, and she turned to go up the stairs.

She heard a step behind her, and a voice said, "Effie, don't you care for me a little bit?" With a little scream she tried to run on, but two strong arms caught her, and before she could resist, a shower of burning kisses covered her face.

"How dare you, Dr. Cross!" she burst out. "What would Mrs. Cross say? It's not kind of you, for I have no protector."

"But that is what I am," answered the doctor. "I love you like a father, nothing more." Miss Skinner ran off upstairs, her face aflame, for she knew that there was a difference between the kisses of her father and those which had just been pressed on her rosebud mouth. Both were kisses, but they differed as does the generous red wine which sets the blood tingling from the sour, weak vin ordinaire of the Breton peasant. These kisses stirred up in her a new sensation, and she was afraid, for she did not understand it.

A day or two passed, and she tried to avoid Dr. Cross, but he was equally eager to catch her alone, and at last he did so, and again forced her to submit to his passionate kissing. Alarmed at the increased vigour of this second attack, Effie went up to her room and pleaded that she had a headache, and would not be well enough to come down for the rest of the day.

Kindly Mrs. Cross went up to her governess and asked if she should send the doctor to see her.

"Oh, no, no!" sobbed Effie. "I shall be well in the morning. No, not the doctor!" So her mistress left her to sleep, but there was a ring in Miss Skinner's voice which

struck harshly on the wife's ear, and in a flash she remembered how often she had seen her Philip gazing at the girl, and for a moment she felt jealous. "But the whole thing was absurd," she argued to herself. "Phil is old enough to be her father; besides, he has always been a loving husband when his temper has not been ruffled." All the same, she remarked to her spouse that night that she thought he frightened the governess when he kept looking at her. He laughed, and said that he was merely interested in her because she had no natural protector.

This for the moment satisfied Mrs. Cross, and the matter was dropped between them, but she kept a careful watch on her husband, and eventually when she saw a light in his eyes as he regarded the governess, and remembered what that light had meant to her, when first she saw it in the years so long gone past, she felt that she had a serious rival in the slender girl who was, professedly, so guileless, and whom she fully believed was innocent. Nevertheless, she feared her as a rival for her husband's affection, and at last spoke again

DR PHILIP CROSS.

to Philip, demanding that Miss Skinner should be dismissed. This course he was unwilling to take, for he had managed to get the girl to allow him to kiss her whenever he wanted to, and used to pour into her ears tales of the strength of his affection for "his adopted daughter." However, a short course of Caudle Lectures made him see that for the peace of his house he should get rid of Effie, and wondered how to break it to her.

For a day or two he pondered over the question, but at last had to give way to his wife, who soon made Miss Skinner understand that her services would not be required as governess for much longer. This greatly perturbed poor Effie, and she caught Dr. Cross at the very earliest opportunity, imploring him to tell her what she had done that his affection for her had so suddenly evaporated.

"Nothing, dear child," replied he. "father," "but Mrs. Cross is in weak health, and she will have to send the children away for a time to some friends. Never mind, we can write to each other, and I will see that you are perfectly comfortable."

Bewildered, Effie went off to her room and burst into a torrent of passionate tears. She had pictured a long life of happiness with the Crosses, and here it was all broken up. What had she done that they did not like. But the doctor was kind—yes, he was kind, and had promised to write to her and make her comfortable. She could not understand it.

Reluctantly she dried her eyes, and bathed them with rosewater to remove the traces of weeping, and went about her daily work, but with rather a listless air. Mrs. Cross noticed this, and remarked that "if she was going to mope, she might go as soon as she liked." From that moment Effie hated Mrs. Cross, and knew that her mistress hated her, though she could not understand why it was. The days which she had to fulfil before she left the pleasant house at Shandy Hall passed away rapidly enough, and at last she had to leave. Dr. Cross saw her to the station, and promised her that he would write to her, and at the same time pressed a little purse upon her, protesting that for his adopted daughter he could not be blamed for insisting on providing her with the necessaries of life.

"By the way, Effie," he added, "you know how jealous Laura is. We had better write to each other in assumed names. She can't help it, poor woman; but it is useless to grieve her unnecessarily."

This was the first active piece of deception which Miss Skinner had ever been asked to make, and she gave in with a very bad grace. But she was losing her dear friend, and she could not be cut off from him entirely, so she salved her conscience by agreeing, hoping that it was really kinder to Mrs. Cross not to let her get annoyed. The train whistled, and she was borne off, leaving Dr. Cross on the platform, his last words being a cheery, "I'll come and see you soon."

Then the blackness of despair came down on her, and she felt that Dr. Cross had been something more to her than an adopted father. The fields looked bleak, and half the light had gone out of the sun for her; still she buoyed herself up with the hope that he would write to her, and on arriving at her destination feverishly awaited each post, praying that it might bring a letter from him. At last one came, and then began a long period of clandestine correspondence.

The tone of his letters now was not so platonic. Effie had merged into "darling," and fervent wishes for an early meeting with one whom he felt miserable without, took the place of the fatherly advice which had been given in the corridors of Shandy Hall.

Then came a happy day when Miss Skinner received a letter saying that her adopted father was coming to Dublin to see her, and proposing that they should meet at the station. She was overjoyed at the prospect, for she had pined during the intervals between the despatch of her own loving little missives and her dear friend's replies. Everything brightened up in the prospect of seeing her one friend again, and she took immense pains with her toilette so that she might seem comely in his eyes. Not from any motive of passion, but purely to show him how pleased she was to see him, and how she wished to be a credit to him in the Irish metropolis. At the station she could hardly contain her anxiety, lest the train should be late or should meet with an accident, and when the engine steamed up to the platform, Dr. Cross was met by a loving little woman who could not express her joy at meeting him again. All her love went out to him, and the doctor saw that there was temptation.

Sometimes temptation comes in a pleasant guise, and when it does, it is hardest to resist. Dr. Cross had not the least thought of resisting, but he was peculiarly anxious that a like temptation should be presented to Effie, and that the fatal moment might be so surrounded by charms that she would not have the strength of mind to flee from it.

Remember, it was a trial of moral force between an experienced doctor, accustomed to manage women, and an innocent girl who loved that doctor. Do you think it took long for him to persuade her that, as he was a married man, there was no harm in his stopping at the same hotel as she did? Was it likely that under the influence of generous fare at luncheon and the blandishments of a skilled charmer that she should object to their being known, while at the hotel, as Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, "lest people should wonder, you understand," added the wily doctor.

With a little hesitation Effie agreed to this, and they deposited their luggage at the North Western Hotel, North Wall, and went out to enjoy the sights of Dublin. Strolling about that city is not too interesting, but if the couple had been walking through the most beautiful scenery on earth they would not have noticed it, for it was the Arcadian Fields and Elysium through which they felt they were passing.

Love sounds cold in a letter, however well it may be expressed, but when a young girl first hears the intonation of passion from her lover, when the inflection of the voice joined to a gentle pressure of the hand or perhaps a stolen kiss is added to the words, oh! then they live indeed and burn into the very centre of the heart.

Thus it was that Effie felt as she walked through the

streets heedless of passers-by, for had she not the whole world with her in the person of Philip Eustace Cross?

Then came dinner, and under the influence of the rich fare, added to the tutelage of her beloved Philip, Effie learnt that she was expected to act the part of Mrs. Osborne in deed as well as in name. She was a very child in the hands of the roué doctor, and she succumbed to do that which she knew not.

* * * * * *

It was a very tearful Effie that entered the breakfast-room at the North Western Hotel on the following morning; an Effie who had taken her first step on the downward path, believing that she was doing no wrong, but having a vague, indefinite feeling that she had not done right. Life and its problems were mysteries to her; her great trust in Philip Cross told her that what he dictated could not be sinful. So she had yielded; but there were fears behind her—nameless fears which she could not express. A word or two from Dr. Cross, however, was sufficient to cheer her up, and when she was assured that she was spotless she recovered, and the couple spent a happy day together before the doctor returned to his family.

Desire calls to desire as the pigeon to its mate, and it was not long before Effie wished to see her friend again. Letters had passed between them in the meantime, and on the 21st of April "Mr. and Mrs. Osborne" again took up their quarters at the Dublin hotel. This time the simple governess had lost much of her shyness, fatal influence of the delectation of the passions, and the same amount of coaxing was not necessary to persuade her to give herself body and soul to the man with whom she was infatuated. The next day Dr. Cross returned to his home at Dripsey. But he had also fallen entirely under the influence of the lovely young girl whom he had seduced, and he now regarded his own wife as an incubus, as a hindrance to the more lawful indulgence of his passions. He looked at her, forgetful of the loving, faithful spouse which she had been to him mindful only of his own inordinate passion; his better feelings were entirely blunted by his fall from his previous high estate. He loathed her—the mother of his children—now the obstacle which prevented his perpetual union with the young woman who had given her whole being to him, even as he had surrendered his honour to her charms, a tribute to her loveliness. Yes, his wife was no longer a wife, no longer a friend; she had become his bitterest enemy.

It would be absurd for anyone to believe that Mrs. Cross was not conscious of the fact that her husband's affections were estranged from her, though he still strove to suppress his guilty passion, and to deal fairly by Laura. His efforts were unavailing, and Mrs. Cross tearfully upbraided her husband for his coldness. This led to high words, and on more than one occasion neighbours and servants heard the pair indulging in bitter recriminations.

At last Dr. Cross felt that he could stand the strain no longer, and his own conscience told him that he would never be happy till he had separated from his wife. But to do so meant parting from his children, of whom he was genuinely fond, and he pondered over the matter for a long time, debating within himself as to whether life with Effie would be bearable without his children. At the same time he felt convinced that life without Effie would be intolerable. He could see but one solution of the question, and that was to marry Miss Skinner; but how was he to do so? That was the problem that tortured him day and night.

"HOW DARE YOU, DR. CROSS! WHAT WOULD MRS. CROSS SAY?"

It was about May 10, 1887, that Mrs. Cross was taken ill. She suffered from violent pains in the stomach, vomiting and intense thirst. Her skin was hot and dry over the body, her feet clammy, and she was in evident distress. Her husband, being a medical man, started to prescribe for her, and made a point of administering the necessary medicines himself, to make certain that she took them at the proper times.

The illness progressed, and on the 16th of the month she was a little better, but still very weak. Everything which she took seemed to disagree with her, but the violent symptoms, such as pain, had vanished, and she commenced to recover.

On the 18th of the month, which was Ascension day, she was so much better that she was able to go to church. Unlike most of the residents in that district, the Crosses were members of the Protestant religion, and that fact made their movements more conspicuous in a purely Roman Catholic neighbourhood. However, the lady friends of Mrs. Cross

were pleased to see her on her way to the little Protestant church, and remarked how very sorry they were to hear of her illness. She replied that she hoped the worst was over and that she would soon be able to go visiting again. Still, the observant eyes of her lady friends could see that she was not at ease in her mind and that something was pulling her down besides her illness. Female eyes seem to see a lot more than those of mere men.

She returned from church and sat in the drawing-room for the rest of the day, tended carefully by her husband, and next morning she was so much better that she expressed the hope that she would soon be in perfect health again. But this hope was not to be realised.

On the 20th of the month the alarming symptoms again set in, and poor Laura Cross was doubled up with pain on her bed. She complained of a great sensation of burning at the pit of her stomach, accompanied by terrible fits of vomiting and purging. Her pulse rapidly ran down, and Philip Cross got alarmed. Nevertheless, he did not see the necessity for calling in another medical man, and treated his wife himself, and was rejoiced to see that she was much better on May 22. On that day she was able to go out into the garden

"I would not survive another attack."

and breathe the warm spring air, which makes the budding season of the year in Ireland so very delightful.

Dr. Cross followed her about in the garden, brought her chairs whenever she wanted them, carried her parasol, for the day was warm, brought her her medicine at the proper times, preparing it with his own hands, lest she should be the victim of any slight mistake, and generally played the part of an affectionate husband.

But through the whole of his apparent solicitude the vein of insincerity ran, and Laura Cross could not help feeling that her life-long companion would never be the same to her again. In spite of this she kept up her spirits as well as she could, but she remarked that evening to her maid that she would never be able to survive another attack like the last.

Next day she was not so well and had to keep to her bed, and her husband attributed this recrudescence of the malady to a slight chill which she might have caught in the garden. On May 24 Mrs. Cross was so much worse that Dr. Cross called a cousin of his, a Dr. Godfrey, and asked him to have a look at his wife. He did not wish to trouble his relative with making an exact diagnosis, but told him the symptoms, and said that Laura was suffering from a slight attack of typhoid fever, or severe biliousness. As appearances seemed to bear out this conclusion, and knowing that Cross was a qualified man, Godfrey said that the treatment being followed was sufficient, and went his way. He was never asked to call again

On the 25th Mr. and Mrs. Caulfield called to inquire after their friend, and were told that she was not any better. The lady went up to see her for a moment, but was unable to stay for long, on account of the evident exhaustion of the patient; a second time when she called she was denied admission. Five days later the Rev. Mr. Hayes, Protestant chaplain at Dripsey, paid an official visit, to see if he could be of any use. He asked to see the sick woman, but was told that she had just gone to sleep, and could not be disturbed. At the same time he was assured that she was not really seriously ill, and that she was getting over her attack fairly well. He pressed the point, but Dr. Cross insisted that his wife had better rest and not be troubled by talking just then.

A Miss Kirchoffer, an old friend of Mrs. Cross, received the same reply when she went to inquire after the poor woman.

On the evening of June 1 Mrs. Cross seemed very much weaker, and the nurse who had looked after the poor lady during the day said when she went to bed that she hoped some change for the better would soon take place, as another week of such depression would be sufficient to wear out the strength of the strongest woman. She had no immediate fear for the mistress of the house, but she was alarmed at the persistence of the painful symptoms, which had been very marked on the two previous days, and did not seem to be yielding to treatment in the way that might be expected.

The household went to bed as usual and soon fell asleep. They had not been long in the arms of the Goddess of Slumber when one of the servants, Mary Buckley, woke up with a start.

From her mistress's room she heard terrible shrieks proceeding. She rose to follow up the sound and see if she could be of any assistance, but suddenly the cries ceased. A little later they recommenced, a pitiful wailing cry, like that of an infant in agony. Then all was still.

Imagining that nothing much was the matter, she fell off into a doze again, and the next thing she remembered was being called by her master, who said, "Wake up, girls! Your mistress has been gone since one o'clock."

Hurriedly the maids scrambled out of bed and hastened to the death chamber, where they found the lifeless body of Mrs. Cross lying across the bed. The husband had not even tried to put his dead wife straight on her last couch. The corpse was face downwards, and the poor woman had obviously died in an acute paroxysm of pain. Dr. Cross looked at the body again, and then left the room, telling the servants to put their mistress straight, so that she could be measured for her coffin. That done, he walked downstairs, apparently unconcerned, and anxious to get out of the presence of his late wife.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

To Bury an Attorney.

O'CONNELL said that in his younger days he remembered a barrister who was a very humorous fellow, but who hated the whole tribe of attorneys. One day an attorney came up to him to beg a subscription towards burying a brother attorney who had died in distressed circumstances. Parsons offered him a one pound note. "Oh, Mr. Parsons," said the attorney, "I do not want so much—I only ask a shilling from each contributor. I have limited myself to that, and I cannot really take more."

"Oh, take it! take it!" said Parsons; "for God's sake, my good man, take the pound, and, while you are at it, bury twenty of them!"

An Odd Defence.

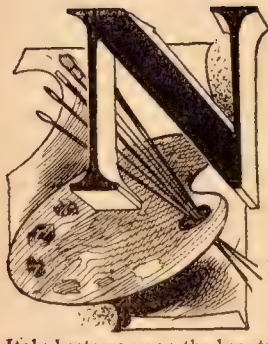
"NOT guilty, my lord," pleaded William Brown, at the Central Criminal Court, in May, 1838, when he was charged with stealing a vice, so witnesses were called to prove the case. The most important of these was a Mr. Pater, who swore positively that he was in the shop of an ironmonger named Bird, and he saw the prisoner enter, take a vice and put it in his pocket and calmly walk out again. He gave chase, and the accused was arrested.

When called on for his defence, William Brown admitted that the facts stated were true, but declared that he could not be convicted, inasmuch as when asked what he was doing with the vice in his pocket, he said, "I am not going to steal it." This, to his mind, was quite sufficient to ensure his acquittal, but the recorder thought otherwise, and Mr. Brown had a period in prison in which to study law

SARINO

THE MURDER OF SIGNOR ALLARD, A FAMOUS ARTIST, BY HIS BEAUTIFUL MODEL.

"She snatched the dagger from the shelf,
And plunged it in his side,
Then turned its point against herself,
And on his breast she died.
So they together died, my love,
So they together died."
—An old Ballad.



NETTA SARINO was just sixteen years old when she first met Signor Victor Allard.

She was a tall girl for her age, with a lithe, supple form, rather prominent hips, and the bust of a woman. Her hair, glossed like the raven's wing, hung in loose, luxuriant tresses around her pearl pale brow, and cheeks tinted with the most delicate shade of nature's carmine. Her lips were full and expressive, and her eyes, gloriously dark, shone with those melting languors which Mother Italy bestows upon the beauty of her daughters.

Netta was a virgin, with the heart of a child and the body of a beautiful woman. She was sublimely unconscious of her charm and loveliness, and her consequent power; and in her native village found no one to enlighten her as to her own personal assets, and so destroy the virginal purity of her spirit.

She lived with her father, mother, and one sister—a mere child—and was perfectly happy and contented in the quiet, rural course of her life, and in the undisturbed tranquillity of her girlish dreams.

The Sarinos' mode of life was simple and homely; they knew little or nothing of the vanities and splendours of the outside world, and cared less. The village was their world; their world a bridge that led through the gates of death to a glorious eternity, to the great seraphic company of saints, to the Blessed Mother, and to God.

Bred up amongst such surroundings, amidst such simple ideas and ideals, it is not to be wondered at that Netta grew in innocence and ignorance of the frailties and follies of the world.

Such an Eden-like existence cannot in the nature of things continue for long. The tree of knowledge stands ripe for the plucking in every girl's first paradise, and the serpent is likewise always ready to tempt and to compass his victim's ruin.

In the autumn of 1861, an old woman, reputed to possess forbidden knowledge and a power that enabled her to foresee the future, passed through the little village in which the Sarinos resided. The elder people avoided her religiously, and forbade the youngsters, on pain of committing a mortal sin, to have any intercourse with her.

Nevertheless, the natural curiosity of youth triumphed over all pious scruples, and Netta, in the company of several other young girls, followed the old woman to a retired spot, and there besought her to tell them what joys and sorrows the future had in store.

The old hag sat on the broken stump of a tree; a picturesque figure, with parchment coloured skin stretched over prominent bones; a disordered mass of grey, ragged hair that floated from beneath her coloured handkerchief, and deeply sunken eyes.

She leant on a stout stick, and motioned the girls with her skinny arm to form a ring round her. Half-frightened, they obeyed.

"Come closer, my pretty dears, come closer," muttered the old crone, as she held out her shrivelled palm for the piece of silver necessary for the unravelment of the future.

One by one she told the girls their fortunes; how they were to marry rich men and lead happy lives; how this husband would be dark, and that husband fair, and a foreigner, and so on, until at last it came to the turn of Netta Sarino.

Trembling, the girl extended her soft, pink hand, and with half-smiling eyes awaited the announcement of her fate.

The old woman remained silent.

"Well, good mother, what hast thou to tell me?" Netta asked at length.

The crone looked up into her face with a strange look in her beady eyes.

"You are beautiful, child. Beauty is a snare."

"Is that all you can tell me?" exclaimed Netta.

"I could tell you much more, but could you bear to hear it?"

"Is my future so bad, then?"

"Dark, dark, my child—very dark."

"Tell it to me, then. It is God's will."

"You will love early, you will be rich, you will live in splendour."

"Is that my bad fortune, mother? Surely you jest?"

"Listen to me, child. After love, hate; after riches, dishonour; after splendour, death."

The withered hag tottered to her feet, and wrapping her tattered mantle closer round her bent shoulders, shuffled away, muttering to herself, "Hate, death, and dishonour!"

Netta and her girl friends stared at each other in amazement.

Netta smiled, but her cheeks were very pale.

"If it is God's will, it is good," said she presently.

"Nonsense, Netta; don't you believe a word the old fraud told you. She's been telling us all lies," said a friend.

"For my part," said another, "I think we have been extremely foolish to part with our money so easily."

"Yes," put in a third; "our parents were quite right in forbidding us to speak to the swindler."

Although they spoke thus, each girl in her heart believed every word the old woman had spoken, and Netta went to bed that night for the first time in her life thoroughly unhappy.

She did not dare mention her encounter with the fortune-teller to her father or mother, because they had forbade her speaking to the charlatan, and would, therefore, chide her for disobedience; so that, also for the first time in her life, Netta was to a certain extent deceitful.

After a time she partially forgot the adventure, and her misgivings as to her future gradually subsided, and she became once more the happy, careless child of nature that she had been before the unpleasant episode.

She was not as innocent as she had been previously; she was now conscious of her own beauty, although still ignorant of her consequent power. The district in which she lived was one far famous for the beauty of its scenery, its wealth of woodland, and its splendour of perspective; so that it was not uncommon for artists to spend a season in the vicinity, lodging at one of the cottages, and spoiling innumerable pieces of canvas.

Many of these wandering brushmen were merry students and dilettantes, but occasionally a recognised artist would expend a few weeks on the natural glories of the neighbourhood. They were all one to the villagers, the aspiring students and the artistic notorieties; for these simple people knew nothing of the outside world, with its social stars and meteors of art, and so long as the traveller paid his reckoning, they were as satisfied with a nonentity as with the greatest prince of the brush and palate.

One day a gentleman knocked at the door of the Sarinos' cottage. He was confronted by the mother, a stout, pleasant-looking woman, who asked him his business.

"My name is Allard—the Signor Allard," said the stranger, in a pleasant voice. "I am an artist, and propose to spend a few weeks hereabout. Can you furnish me with a lodging?"

"Certainly, signor. The rooms are plain, but the price is——"

"The price is immaterial, my good woman."

The signor stepped over the threshold of the little house, examined the rooms, said he was perfectly satisfied, and paid a deposit.

In reality he had given the rooms but a cursory glance, as he had decided before knocking at the door to lodge with the Sarinos at all cost. The reason of this determination on his part was that when half an hour previously he had first wandered into the village, wondering where to establish his temporary headquarters, he had seen Netta leave the cot-

tage, had been struck literally dumb by the girl's beauty, and had at once in his own mind decided that the best possible way to become friendly and familiar with her was to occupy the same house.

Victor Allard was essentially a sensualist, and his devouring eye had fed greedily upon the beauty of the young girl; he was also essentially an artist, and the artist's eye had been quick to observe the perfect symmetry of Netta's figure, her well-rounded form, the lithesomeness of her exquisitely-moulded limbs, and he was doubly determined to become her intimate.

When she returned home later, she ran into the front room in search of her mother.

"Mother, mother, where are you?" she cried.

"Here, child," answered the dame, from the kitchen.

"Oh, there's a stranger in the village, mother, a most handsome man. I saw him. An artist, I suppose."

A look from her mother stopped the girl's disjointed utterances. Half-bewildered, she turned round, and saw the handsome stranger of the morning seated in the window, leisurely smoking a cigar, and watching with an amused smile Netta's evident confusion.

The girl blushed scarlet, and hung her head.

"After riches dishonour; after splendour death."

Was there ever so dreadful an adventure?

To call a man handsome to his face!

"Signor Allard has honoured us by lodging in our humble abode," said the mother.

"The honour is mine," answered Allard gallantly, thinking how beautiful Netta looked when she blushed.

"You will think me very rude," she said presently, looking up at him with almost tears in her dark, eloquent eyes.

"On the contrary, I think, child, you are very polite. I also think you are beautiful."

Netta was terribly confused.

"I am an artist," added Allard, throwing away his cheroot. "I never pay compliments, therefore you must not be embarrassed by my remarks. I call the stars beautiful, I call you beautiful—it is the same thing."

Netta was more confused than ever, so she ran out of the room with a palpitating heart, on the pretext of assisting her mother.

Afterwards, Signor Allard asked Netta to introduce him to some of the best views in the neighbourhood. This she did, the consequence being that the two went a long walk in each other's company. The signor exerted his conversational powers, and attracted and amused the girl.

And so for two weeks this pleasant, idyllic life went on, Netta and the signor seeing more of each other every day.

The girl began to feel strangely discomposed; she could not sleep at night because she was always thinking of the signor; she could not help her mother in the household duties for the same reason.

The signor reigned supreme in her thoughts, she noticed his every movement, she hung on his every word; all that was worth having or striving for was embodied in him. Yet, feeling this as she did, Netta never once confessed to herself that she was in love, which fact would be incredible did we not know the primitive conditions in which her mind had been nurtured.

The signor was quick to see the state of her heart, and equally quick to take advantage of her inexperience.

It was late in the afternoon of an autumn day, the thick olive green verdure was bathed in roseate hues, the mellow trees were shedding their summer glories, and the grass was parched. All around Netta and Victor Allard were spread autumnal splendours in russet, crimson, and gold, Netta and Allard had come to seek fresh scenes for the latter's brush to paint.

They stood quite still, neither uttering a word, hushed to silence by the sad beauty of the fading summer.

Their eyes were strained towards the pale, golden disk piercing the heaviest foliage with its amber beams—the Italian sun.

Suddenly Netta felt her hand taken by the signor. She began to tremble violently, but did not resist his pressure. He put her hand to his lips and kissed it.

Netta felt her blood tingling as with fire; she thought she would faint.

The signor took her in his arms and kissed her full on the mouth. "I love you, darling," said he.

She put up her arms instinctively, and clung to him, returning his kisses with all the warmth of her southern nature.

They remained wrapt in the ecstasies of first love, oblivious alike to the time, the scene, and the occasion. Suddenly the sun sank down, and Netta and the signor were overwhelmed with darkness, for in Italy there is no twilight.

The two young people began to think about getting home, a task that might be described as anything but easy, for they had wandered into a district that was almost as unknown to Netta as it was to Allard.

For over an hour they stumbled through the darkness, lost in the intricacies of brushwood and undergrowth, and puzzled by the extraordinary similarity of the roads and pathways to each other. Netta was terribly frightened. She clung to the signor, and invoked the saints indiscriminately, feeling assured that the spirits of evil were abroad at this darksome hour.

The signor, who, it may be mentioned, had carefully planned the whole affair, did not in reality make the slightest effort to discover in what direction the Sarinos' village lay. On the contrary, he adroitly led Netta, dazed and confused by the events of the evening, as she may well have been, in a direction absolutely opposite to the right one.

"Are you afraid, my own?" asked the signor.

"Afraid! and with you! Oh, no."

"You trust me, darling?"

"With my soul."

"You will never regret loving me?"

"Never."

"You will never cease to love me?"

"Never."

The hour was late; Netta began to show signs of fatigue. The signor noticed this, and judged the time propitious for his purpose.

"I fear, love," said he, "that we shall have to abandon our search for the homeward road to-night."

"What then, my beloved?"

"We must seek shelter elsewhere."

"Elsewhere?"

"Yes. Luckily, I have plenty of money on me. We can procure quite a fine lodging. Will you trust yourself into my hands?"

"For ever."

"You have no fear?"

"Not the slightest while I am with you."

The signor embraced her warmly. Inwardly he chuckled, for his project was working extraordinarily well; the girl's absolute faith in him was quite delightful, and most convenient.

"We must stop at the first cottage we come to," said he, as they started again with renewed vigour.

After about half an hour's steady walking, the signor discerned a light twinkling in the distance. He uttered an exclamation of joy; the little light meant food and shelter, and the achievement of his desires.

As the pair advanced, the light grew larger; gradually they discerned the outlines of an old-fashioned house silhouetted against the sky.

The light was emitted from one of the front windows.

The house, or, rather, castle—for such it had originally been—was old, had fallen into decay; indeed, the left wing was in entire ruins. The inhabited portion was crusted with dirt and mildew, and the whole building had a weird and forbidding appearance.

Netta's heart began to beat wildly as the signor advanced and gave the rusty old bell-handle a vigorous ring.

Clang! clang! clang! went the bell, resounding strangely in the silent night.

Footsteps were heard approaching; the heavy bolts of the door were shifted back in their sockets; the door itself was flung open, and an old man, lamp in hand, appeared in the aperture.

"We are travellers," said Allard, in his smoothest tones; "we have lost our way. Can you afford us a lodging for this night?"

"A lodging, eh?" murmured the old man, scrutinising the strangers narrowly. "Yes, I think I can. Will you step inside?"

The signor led Netta indoors. The old man, who, from Allard's personal appearance and address, was assured that his visitors were persons of distinction, became very polite, and, having re-bolted the door, led them up a wide, ancient oak staircase into a large apartment that showed all the signs of a sumptuous past. The old man brought them lights, and called out to a woman to prepare a supper.

He then left them, to prepare a sleeping apartment, as he said. Netta looked at Allard, her face covered in blushes.

"What does this mean?" said she. "He thinks we are married?"

"Yes; we must not deceive him. He would turn us out."

"But, my love, what will happen?"

"Leave everything to me, beloved."

Netta said no more; blindly, implicitly, she trusted and believed in Allard.

That night the two occupied the same room.

The next morning Netta did not return to her home, but journeyed with Signor Allard to his palace in Rome.

Many will think this strange, this sudden fall from virginal heights; but those who love passionately and wholeheartedly do not question, are not the slaves of custom, and are ready at a word to sacrifice the conventions of this world on the altar of their affections.

Once in Rome, Netta's life became wholly different; she lived with Allard as his mistress, and worked for him in the capacity of a model.

She questioned nothing, she was the servant of his slightest wish.

She loved her lord and master with all the wild, exultant strength of her young being; she had no scruples, no backward inclinations, no regrets; she loved the signor, and the signor loved her—that was sufficient.

Netta made a splendid model, her lithe, tall, and beautifully proportioned figure contrasting strangely with her child-like face.

First of all she was his model for a Madonna; in due course the Madonna was painted and was exhibited, and was acclaimed by one and all as Signor Allard's finest production.

He tasted the sweets of fame, and with laurel wreaths on his brow gave Netta plenty of kisses and loving words.

SHE RIPPED THE CANVAS RIGHT DOWN.

The next subject he chose was Aphrodite rising from the foam of the sea.

A pagan picture, following a devotional study, he argued, would demonstrate the breadth of his genius.

Netta was again to be his model, only this time her trial was a far greater one. She had to lie in a recumbent position on a raised dais, wholly undraped.

She did not at all object to appearing in a state of nudity before the signor, her lover, but the constant visits of artists and friends during her "sitting" hours troubled her greatly.

It was not right, she protested, that she should appear in such a state before all these men. Did the signor like his love to be so exhibited to his acquaintances? She was only for his private eye, not for the vulgar gaze of the multitude.

The signor protested that it was all a matter of art; no one who viewed her as a model regarded her with any impure or suggestive thoughts. It was a matter of business, that was all.

Netta was not convinced, but she submitted at a great sacrifice of her natural feelings to the signor's demand.

Gradually she lost her innate modesty, grew accustomed to the visitors, and would even sit as she was in their company and smoke a cigarette.

In due time the Aphrodite picture was finished and ex-

hibited. Its success was, if possible, even greater than the Madonna. The signor was raised to the highest pinnacle of fame.

Forthwith he set to work and painted Netta in another attitude as another pagan divinity.

This time his efforts were not so successful; people complained that there was a sameness about his work, that his style lacked breadth, that he had worked himself into a narrow groove from which it seemed he could not extricate himself

The signor was sadly disappointed; he had tasted the wine of public adulation, and now continuously thirsted for the beverage.

He consulted his friends.

"My dear Allard," said one, "the fault is not yours—the fault is your model's."

"My model? Netta's?"

"Exactly. You always work from the same model; naturally, there is always a sameness about your effects."

"What shall I do?"

"Change your model. I have the very girl, the exact antithesis of Netta."

"But what shall I do with Netta?"

"Pass her over to me. My style is in every way antithetical to yours."

The signor agreed.

He had for some time been growing weary of Netta, and now he thought he had a fine opportunity for dismissing her, Besides which, he eased his never very lively conscience by arguing that such an action was necessary to his art.

He went at once to his studio, where he found Netta ready to pose for the new picture.

In a corner of the studio stood the successful Aphrodite picture, which had come back to Allard prior to being despatched to a wealthy purchaser.

Allard began to daub idly at the canvas.

Suddenly he threw aside his brushes.

"It is no good," he cried, "I shall not proceed with this picture."

"What do you mean?" asked Netta, jumping up, very startled.

"My dear," said Allard, lighting a cheroot, "the truth must be told. I must get another model."

"Another model? Oh, why?"

"I cannot continue to paint you for the rest of my life. I must have variety."

Netta's breath came in short, quick pants.

"What of me, then? Shall I be no longer able to help you?"

"No. You must go to Emmanuel."

"I do not understand."

"You are very stupid. Emmanuel wants you for his model. He will pay you well."

"Pay me well! But, my love, you do not understand what you are saying."

"I understand perfectly. I must have a fresh model. You must go to Emmanuel."

The girl threw her arms round his neck.

"What of our love?" said she, very seriously.

"Oh, love! Love must not interfere with art. Art before all things."

"You said once, love before all things."

"Then I was very foolish."

"You do not love me?"

"I like you well enough, but you must go."

"I understand now. You are tired of me. You dismiss me. You have lied to me and betrayed me. You——"

"Do be reasonable."

"I am reasonable. I have been a fool. I have been deceived. All the vows you swore were false. You have simply made use of me, and now you would degrade me, having no further use for me, by sending me to Emmanuel to pose for him."

Netta spoke hoarsely, her eyes were dilated and her cheeks flushed.

She trembled with passion.

The signor threw away his half-finished cheroot.

"Well, have you finished?" said he, with a sneer.

"No, not yet. I shall never go to Emmanuel."

"Then, what will you do? Will you go home again? Hardly, eh?"

Netta ran over to a side-table and picked up a knife.

"What are you about?" shouted Allard.

"You will see. You have made use of me, have you? Your picture is famous because of me. There!"

With one bound she reached the large Aphrodite painting and stabbed the knife right into the face of the goddess—the face of herself. Before the signor, dumb with horror, had realised what had taken place, she had ripped the canvas right down the centre.

"My God! my beautiful work!" shrieked Allard, half demented, as he rushed to her side, and strove to pull her away from her work of destruction. She hacked the picture to pieces with the strength of a fury. "Aphrodite" was in shreds and tatters, its beauty utterly obliterated.

The signor seized her by the waist, and flung her palpitating form to the other end of the room. He seemed a man possessed. He tore his hair, alternately whimpering and bellowing, like a distraught and incoherent child.

Then he turned on Netta like a madman. He struck her a terrible blow between the breasts, and she fell to the ground. He kicked her, and she lay at his feet writhing in agony.

"Gutter jade! Loathsome creature that you are!" he screamed, "do you think I ever cared for such as you? Ha, ha! it is a good joke! The strumpet actually thought I loved her, and I was laughing at her all the time. But oh, my picture, my picture!" He covered his face with his thin hands, and began to weep.

He kicked her again.

Netta screamed with pain.

She turned over on to her face and crawled towards him.

He did not notice; he was blinded with the loss of his masterpiece.

She seized him by the coat and crawled up to him like a snake. He tried to push her aside. She wound her arm round his neck, and clung to him with a wonderful strength.

"Get away, or I shall kill you!" he cried, and struck her on the mouth.

Her lips bled, but she laughed, and clung closer to him still. In her right hand she held the knife, and as he raised his left arm to strike her again, she plunged it deep into his side.

With a cry of despair he reeled and fell to the ground, Netta on top of him, with the streaming knife in her hand.

She stabbed him again, and he writhed like a fly on a pin, till, finally, after a convulsive spasm, he lay still.

Netta made quite sure that he was dead, and then stabbed herself. Her blood ran out and mingled with his.

And so Emmanuel found them, distorted, mangled, and bleeding, in each other's arms, while their blood ran out in a common stream on to the carpet.

"Aphrodite" looked down upon them in shreds and tatters.

The Hanging Judge.

WHEN Justice Page, well known as "the hanging judge," was old and decrepit, he was coming out of court one day, hobbling along painfully, when a friend stopped him and asked after his health. "My dear sir," the judge answered, "you see, I keep just hanging on—hanging on."

The Thieving Magpie.

THE story of the maid and the magpie had some justification from actual facts.

A maidservant, a good many years ago, was charged with stealing some forks from her master, who resided in Paris. The circumstantial evidence seemed convincing and conclusive, and the poor girl was found guilty and executed. Six months afterwards the forks were found under an old roof, behind a heap of tiles, to which a magpie was seen to bring other articles.

When it was proved that the innocent girl had been unjustly condemned an annual mass was founded, in her name and for her soul's repose, at her native village.

A Judge's Consultation.

ON one occasion when the great Irish lawyer, John Philpot Curran, was arguing a case before Lord Clare, then Lord Chancellor, and a bitter enemy of Curran's, the judge brought a large Newfoundland dog on the bench with him, and during Curran's argument seemed to pay more attention to the dog than to the counsel, a fact which struck the Bar as being somewhat indecent. During one important passage the judge began to caress and fondle the dog. Curran immediately stopped. "Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," said Lord Clare.

"Oh, I beg a thousand pardons, my lord; I really took for granted that your lordship was employed in consultation!"

The Physical Peculiarities of Great Criminals.

IT is a remarkable fact, and one not easily explained, that some marked physical peculiarity has distinguished nearly every one of the criminals who may be said to have reached the high-water mark of infamy in the annals of our time

There has been something out of the ordinary, something removed from the normal, in the outward being of nearly every notorious malefactor whose name is only recalled with a shudder. It is as though Nature had intended, for its own inscrutable purpose, to put some outward and visible sign of an inward vice upon the persons of those murderers "whose deeds tradition saves"; possibly as a danger-signal to the rest of the human race.

The temperamen of no atrocious criminal can be quite normal; the appeannce very rarely is. Apart from the peculiarities of the structure of the head which a phrenologist discovers, the great criminal has something strange in his outward man which he who runs may read, and it may not be unprofitable to give some illustrations of a fact which, though it cannot be explained, can neither be disputed.

Exceptions there have been, of course. Many examples could be quoted of the ordinary-looking murderer, and a few have even been possessed of attractive countenances. But the great majority have had something in their features or their figures to place them apart in the great brotherhood of man, some deformity or peculiarity of the body accompanying, as it were, the depravity of the soul.

In describing some of the infamous dead it is not my intention to embark upon a history of their crimes, all of which will be told in this publication in good time. It suffices to give some instanes of a fact which cannot but have struck those who have mae a close study of crime and criminals.

In the year 181, all England was startled and shocked by the discovery o a series of diabolical murders. Two families—those of Mr. Marr, a linen-draper, and Mr. Williamson, a license victualler—residing in Ratcliffe Highway, now called S George's in the East, were annihilated by the act of one nan. One John Williams, a seafaring man, was the suppsed perpetrator of those deeds of blood. I say "supposed," because he committed suicide by hanging himself in Cold Bath Fields Prison while under remand, but subsequent discoveries left no room for doubt that this young man of genteel appearance and insinuating address had butchered these eleven persons for purposes of robbery. He was arrested and charged at the Thames Police Office, and a description of appearance of this monster has been handed down to in addition to an etching of him as he appeared in the dock by the artist Thornhill.

Williams had head of bright yellow hair, of the most extraordinary tint. It was the exact colour of an orange, and its peculiar shade would have rendered him an object of curiosity anywhere even if his remarkable eyes had not attracted attention. They were fish-like, glazed, and having over them a film which—although his features were comely—made people involuntarily shudder as he raised those lack-lustre orbs and met their own. His victims could have had no hope of mercy in those strange eyes as he bent upon them his basilisk gaze

Philip Nichon, a footman, who murdered his employers, Mr. and Mrs. Bonar, at Chislehurst, in 1813, under circumstances of great atrocity, had a physical peculiarity. He was a young man, with dark hair, and right on the top of his head was a patch startlingly white and about the size of a five-shilling piece. One of his hands, too, was useless, through a broken wrist; yet he contrived to cut the throat of his mistress and to smash in his master's skull while they lay in bed.

A disgusting murderer was John Holloway, who in 1831 was engaged on work in connection with the Old Chain Pier at Brighton, then in the course of erection. This vile wretch enticed his wife to a house in the south end of North Steyne Row, where he strangled her while in the act of giving her a kiss. He then cut the body up piecemeal, and with the assistance of his paramour, buried the remains in a spot called The Hole in the Wall at Rottingdean. He was a man of peculiar appearance, being only four feet ten inches in height—a deformed and depraved little wretch; yet he boasted of the women, married and single, he had seduced; and there is reason to believe that he was not exaggerating.

Greenacre—the doyen of mutilating murderers, whose crimes created such a sensation in 1837—was of peculiar and sinister appearance. He was extremely short-sighted, and it is recorded that the hangman had to guide him up the steps of the scaffold.

There is a village near Huntingdon called Little Stukeley, which was, in 1827, the scene of an atrocious murder. The victim was the rector of the parish, and the assassin a man named Joshua Slade, who killed the eccentric clergyman with a sword for no purpose or motive that could ever be discovered. The murderer was of strange appearance, possessing as he did only one eye—the other optic having been poked out by a companion when he was a little child.

There was nothing peculiar in the appearance of William Corder, the "hero"—save the mark!—of that little affair in the Red Barn at Polestead in 1828. But his body was publicly exposed after execution—stripped from the middle upwards—and it was then observed that the muscular development of the murderer's arms and chest was something quite abnormal. He would have made, in later times, an admirable advertisement for Sandow's System!

Burke and Hare—to whom must be given the credit (?) of inventing a new species of crime—were both men of remarkably small stature, and the first-named miscreant was noticeable for the extraordinary length and thickness of his hair, which covered his bullet head like an enormous mop.

Passing over a few years we come to 1849, a year memorable in the criminal history of this country by reason of the dreadful deeds of Rush, of Gleeson Wilson, and of the Mannings. The first-named had a heavy face, with little, cunning eyes, and a deformity of the back which seemed to hunch up his shoulders almost to his ears. Gleeson Wilson—the murderer of Mrs. Henrickson, her children, and servant, a full description of which crimes will shortly appear in these columns—had a remarkable lock of hair which persisted in coming down over one eye, and which he would toss aside with a peculiar movement of his prize-fighter-like head. He had a little round chin beneath his thick and brutal lips, with a peculiar hectic red spot in its centre.

George Frederick Manning was a difficult subject for hanging purposes, being noticeable for fold after fold of fat in the region of the neck, and a double, if not treble, chin.

William Godfrey Youngman—than whom no more cold-blooded murderer ever lived—slaughtered his mother, two brothers, and his sweetheart in Walworth in 1860, and it is recorded by a well-known journalist who saw him during his trial at the Old Bailey, that "his face wore an expression of habitual scorn which it is quite impossible to describe. The look he bestowed upon those witnesses whose evidence told against him was painful in the extreme. He looked every inch a murderer."

Blackburn was in a state of ferment in 1876 by reason of the atrocious murder and mutilation of a little child by William Fish. This man's appearance was most remarkable. His forehead beneath his brown hair bulged out in abnormal fashion; his eyes were light blue and watery, and his chin receded almost into nothingness. "A more miserable object," says a reporter who witnessed his condemnation, "a more curious and degenerate specimen of humanity never stood in a dock."

Lefroy, the murderer of Mr. Gould in a railway carriage on the Brighton line in 1881, had a tremendous development of the top of the back of the head, which phrenology would say indicated self-esteem, and like Fish, he had a remarkably receding chin.

The peculiar appearance of Charles Peace, that Napoleon of crime, is too well known to need description.

Macpherson, the Outlaw.

A STORY OF THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND, WHEREIN A GALLANT FREEBOOTER MEETS HIS DOOM FOR A CRIME UNKNOWN TO ENGLISH LAW.

"Sae rantin'ly, sae wantonly, sae dauntin'ly gae'd he,
He played a spring, and danced it roun' below the gallows tree."
—BURNS.

PART II.

IT was the ancient fair of St. Ruffus, at Keith, and Jamie with his band came down from the Grant country. He wished to see Mary, and was reckless of the consequences.

Into the market-place of Keith he marched at the head of his followers, Peter Brown playing the bagpipes before him, and every man armed to the teeth.

He had made up his mind that it should be the last time he would ever appear in such militant array. It was his intention to start with Mary Gordon for America, and there begin life afresh. He was still young and strong, and he looked forward to many years of love and happiness with her who had trusted him through all in that New World which would be their home.

As he strode up the market-place the people crowded around, welcoming him; but some of his friends came close and whispered:

"Braco is here, Jamie, wi' forty o' his men."

He laughed in his careless way.

"What care I if he have four hundred?" he replied. "Let Braco meet me man to man, and prove which is the better o' the two."

He had his long ancestral sword over his shoulder, and looked every inch a chief.

At that moment Duff rushed forward with all his men behind him, nearly two to one of Macpherson's band.

"James Macpherson," shouted the laird, "I arrest you in the King's name!"

Jamie laughed loud and scornfully.

"Come on, Braco;" he cried. "Here, foot to foot and man to man, I dare ye to lay a hand upon me!"

Braco stepped aside.

"Upon him, men!" he yelled.

Instantly the Duffs made a dash; but Jamie's stout-limbed band, half Highland, half Romany, met them like a rock. Evan Brown made a thrust at Braco with his dirk, but the weapon glanced off the buckle of the laird's belt, and one of the latter's men cut the gipsy down with his hanger. Jamie's mighty sword was whirling hither and thither among the foemen, and at every stroke an enemy was felled.

The market folk were cheering Macpherson on, for their sympathies lay with the outlaw, when suddenly a treacherous idea occurred to Duff.

They had fought out of the market-place into a narrow street, and, calling two or three of his men to his side, Braco darted into a house. From an upper window he and his myrmidons now began to throw down blankets and plaids upon the heads of Macpherson and his band. The weapons of the "Egyptians" became entangled in the bedclothes, and they were unable to extricate themselves. The Duffs fell upon them, and forced them into a doorway, locking the door upon them.

But now the laird of Grant appeared with a body of his men and demanded the two Browns as his vassals. Braco refused to give them up.

"There's nae a Duff in a' Scotland shall touch a hair o' my men!" cried Grant, and upon that Braco ordered the door to be opened.

No sooner was it done than Macpherson and those with him rushed out, and the fight was renewed. In the meanwhile, however, the Duffs had been reinforced, and now they were as three to one. Jamie fell back, fighting all the way, and disputing every inch of ground. Backward down the street he struggled, his big sword moving like a flail. Behind him lay the kirk sanctuary—if he could but gain it!

CARRIED HIS BELOVED FIDDLE, PLAYING ALL THE WAY.

Had he chosen to turn and run he might have reached it, but Macpherson never yet showed his back to a foe, nor would he now.

At length he passed the kirkyard gate. He was almost safe. The Duffs were pressing him harder and harder, and he was almost spent.

Of a sudden he tripped over a broad, flat tombstone, and went down.

Like hounds upon a fallen stag they were on him. He buffeted them with his fists as he lay, and kicked them with his brogues; but what use?

James Macpherson was a captive for the last time.

Along with the two Browns, yet alive, and James Gordon, he was led to the lock-up, and there lodged until the dead of night, when all four were transported to the tolbooth of Banff. On the following day they were brought before the sheriff and charged, among other indictments, with being "sorners and the companions of sorners, actor and actors, art and part in the crime of sorning."

Oh, what a mockery of a trial followed!

An attempt was made to remove the issue to Edinburgh, where a fair trial would have been granted them, but the infamous Nicolas Dunbar sustained himself judge in an interlocutor to that effect.

Twenty-one witnesses were brought forward by Braco to give evidence, and their testimony, there is too good reason to believe, was not procured without guile. In the end this sentence, taken word for word from the old records of Banff, was passed:

"Forasmeikle as you, James McPhersone and James Gordon, pannals, are found guilty by ane verdict of ane assyse to be known, holden and repute to be Egyptians, and vagabonds, and oppressors of His Majestie's free lieges in ane langstrie manner, and going up and doune the countrie armed, and keeping mercats in ane hostile manner, and that you are thieves, the receptors of thieves, and that you are of *pessimae famae*. Therefor the Shirreff-depute of Banff, and I, in his name, adjudges and decernes you the saids James McPhersone and James Gordon to be to the Cross of Banff from tolbuith thereof where you now lye, and ther, upon ane gibbet to be erected, to be hanged by the neck to the death, by the hand of the common executioner, upon Friday nixt, being the sixteenth day of November instant, being a publick weeklie mercat-day, betwixt the hour of two and three in the afternoon, and in the meantyme declairs their heall moveable goods and gear to be, and inbrought to the Fiscall, for his Majestie's interest, and recommends this sentence to be seen put in executione by the magistrats of Banff.—NICOLAS DUNBAR."

It may be here mentioned that the two Browns were not tried until the 21st February following, when they were sentenced to be hanged on the 2nd April. This was owing to the strenuous efforts made on their behalf by the laird of Grant, and it was also probably due to his influence that they were allowed to make their escape. The sentence passed upon James Gordon, too, was never carried into effect.

So Macpherson was to die chiefly because he was an "Egyptian" and a sorner. He bore his trial and sentence like a man. As he had lived so would he die—fearlessly and boldly. The only boon he craved was to be permitted to have the company of his beloved fiddle. This was granted him, and there, in the tolbooth of Banff, while waiting an ignominious death, he composed the words and music of that 'rant" which, rendered less uncouth by defter hands, has made his name immortal. The original, taken down from the lips of Mary Gordon, to whom he gave it, and who long after wandered the country in a semi-demented condition, runs as follows:

MACPHERSON'S RANT.

I've spent my time in rioting,
Debauched my health and strength;
I squandered fast as pillage came,
And fell to shame at length.

But dantonly and wantonly
And rantonly I'll gae,
I'll play a tune, an' dance it roon'
Below the gallows-tree.

To hang upon the gallows-tree,
Accurs'd, disgraceful death,
Like a vile dog hung up to be,
And stifled in my breath.
But dantonly, etc.

My father was a gentleman
Of fame and lineage high;
Oh, mother, would you ne'er had borne
A wretch so doom'd to die!
But dantonly, etc.

The laird o' Grant, with power aboon,
The royal majesty,
He pled fu' weel for Peter Brown,
But let Macpherson die.
But dantonly, etc.

But Braco Duff, in rage enough,
He first laid hands on me;
If death did not arrest my course,
Avenged I should be.
But dantonly, etc

But vengeance I did never wreak
When power was in my hand,
And gen my friends no vengeance seek—
Obey my last command.
But dantonly, etc.

Forgive the man whose rage could seek
Macpherson's worthless life;
When I am gone be it ne'er said
My legacy was strife.
But dantonly, etc.

And ye that blame with cruel scorn
The wandering gipsy's ways,
Oh, think, if homeless, houseless born,
Ye could spend better days!
But dantonly, etc

If all the wealth on land and sea
Within my power was laid,
I'd give it all this hour to be
On a soldier's dying bed.
But dantonly, etc.

I've led a life o' meikle strife,
Sweet peace ne'er smiled on me;
It grieves me sair that I maun gae,
An' nae avenged be.
But dantonly, etc.

Of course, this is rough doggerel compared with the more polished versions of Hogg and Burns, who recast it, each in his own manner, while both did their best to preserve the wild freedom of the original; still, considering the life and character of the man, he could scarcely have written a better death-song. The music, too, which he wrote to the words is wild and melancholy, with a strangely weird flavour in the constant repetition of the refrain.

At last the terrible day arrived. The town of Banff was crowded with people from far and near. Strong efforts had been made to obtain a reprieve, Macpherson's friends in the Highlands aiding his cousin, Invereshie, in every way in their power. The populace hoped against hope that one would arrive, for Jamie was still an idol among them. But alas! the fatal hour of two arrived and brought no messenger.

A slow procession passed from the tolbooth to the cross. Macpherson never seemed to be in more excellent spirits. In his hands he carried his beloved fiddle, playing it all the way. When he reached the ladder he looked up with a laugh, and quickly mounted. Under the beam he played his "rant" for the last time, then offered his fiddle to anyone who would accept it. Not a soul came forward, so he broke it across his knee and flung the fragments into the yawning grave already dug for him below. He then adjusted the rope about his neck with his own hands, and swung himself into eternity.

At that very moment a messenger was galloping post haste across the Brig o' Banff with a reprieve in his breast. Three minutes later he rushed up to the cross, brandishing the paper above his head.

Too late! too late! James Macpherson was dead!

Tradition goes that the authorities put the town clock on ten minutes in anticipation of the arrival of the reprieve; but this is doubtful, as the same legend obtains in other localities in regard to other executed persons.

The writer of this history, while in Banff a year or two ago, went over Duff House, one of the seats of the Duke of Fife, and was there shown the reputed sword of Macpherson and also the reputed neck of his fiddle. The sword is of the old crusader pattern, two-handed and cross-hilted. It is supposed to have belonged to an ancestor of the outlaw, but its authenticity is somewhat untrustworthy. The fiddle-head differs in no particular from that of the ordinary musical instrument.

There is there also, however, something upon which no doubt can be cast—the portrait of Alexander Duff, laird of Braco, who captured Macpherson. It shows us a dark-browed man, of determined physiognomy, with dark beard and moustache. It is not a pleasant face, and, if all stories be true, the owner of it was not a pleasant gentleman.

Criminal Problems

ARE OUR PUNISHMENTS TOO LIGHT?

IT has been said that the greatest reproach on English justice is the iniquitous difference between punishments for offences against the person and those against property. In a previous article we have shown the reason for this discrepancy, and the relatively greater importance of crimes against property. We have, however, to consider whether, due regard being had to the principles which underlie the apportionment of all penalties, the punishments inflicted by our law err on the side of undue leniency, or whether, with advantage, they could be made less severe.

"Show me a country's laws and I will tell you the character of its people," may well be said by any criminologist. The lightness of punishments for assaults, in comparison with the severity shown to murderers, at once proclaims a nation high up in the scale of civilisation, and when we find that forgery, coining, and "long firm" frauds are dealt with rigorously, we may feel assured that the laws were made for a very advanced populace. Take the laws of the Middle Ages, for instance, and compare them with the statutes of any civilised country of the present day, and the difference will be noticed at once. Assaults were rigorously punished; mutilation was common, and between a short term of imprisonment and death there was no middle course. The laws were made for people comparatively inured to pain, incapable of appreciating disgrace, but prone to violence; a nation with whom might was right, and to whom anything like theft was abhorrent solely because it was furtive, and hard to guard against. Modern laws are made for sensitive people, incapable of sustaining severe physical exertion or bearing much pain; but intellectually capable of inventing countless methods of fraud; a people slow to anger, and fearful of the power of the law. The penalties, then, for the crimes which are most liable to be committed must be most severe, and the severity must increase in proportion to the difficulty of detection. On the other hand, there is not the same need for severity in suppressing assaults.

Experience, however, has shown us that at present the law is a little too tender-hearted; a mistaken sentimentalism prevents us from inflicting pain, even on the wife-beater, for fear of brutalising him. In this respect our law could easily be improved by discretionary powers being given to judges and magistrates to visit the infliction of pain and suffering by pain.

As regards the punishment of crimes against property. In some respects the penalties meted out for swindling are too severe, and at the same time too lenient. They are too severe, for to condemn a man found guilty, say of embezzlement, to a long term of penal servitude, may be doing an injustice to the man, to the nation, and to the innocent. Stress of circumstances may have virtually forced the man to crime. A short sentence of hard labour would be ample punishment in that case. A long term means heavy expense to the nation, which could often be avoided. While the guilty man is in prison, his wife and family are starving, and have to be supported by the innocent, making them bear a portion of the punishment for guilt. When his term of durance is over the culprit returns to the world, too old, or too heart-broken to obtain employment again, and becomes a burden on the taxpayer.

On the other hand the punishment is often too light, for in many cases it leaves the criminal in possession of the money which he has obtained by nefarious means. Once out of prison, he can recover the proceeds of his crime and cannot be touched. To strike a happy medium between these two extremes is difficult, but it is possible that to inflict a fine of the amount of the theft, together with the cost of the prosecution, with a short term of imprisonment, and the alternative of hard labour until the fine has been paid, would be at once more severe on the guilty party and more just to those whom he has robbed.

In dealing also with those whose series of frauds have ruined hundreds of needy persons our law is too lenient. The prisoner suffers a little, it is true, but his discomfort is nothing compared to the suffering which he has caused throughout the land. Here, again, he can only be compelled to disgorge moneys which can be proved to have formed part of the proceeds of his transactions. He may have amassed untold wealth before he was found out, but only the property which can be shown to have accrued directly from his frauds can be taken from him. His imprisonment over, he retires for the rest of his life on his ill-gotten gains. It would be well if such a man were forced to restore to the uttermost farthing the money he has stolen, and were held a bankrupt, with his property in the hands of a receiver, until the just claims of those on whom he has brought ruin are satisfied.

Taken all round, our laws err on the side of leniency, with the sole exception given above, where it is not so much a case of punishing the individual too severely, but of selecting a method which makes no attempt to remedy the evil done, and may cause additional suffering to the innocent. If reformation is the first aim of our laws, surely restitution should be one of the first steps taken by the convict who is being reformed, and, if he will not make amends for his misdeeds voluntarily, he should be compelled to do so. With the improvements which we have suggested in previous numbers, the mechanism of our prison system can be made efficient. The selection of the subjects for treatment by the system, however, depends on our judges, who are bound down by the penal code, and until more latitude is given them they cannot bring about the reforms which most of them are desirous of doing. The ideal code of punishment gives to each judge a wide discretionary power, enabling him to "make the punishment fit the crime," where possible, and to secure the interests of the injured and the public, which are best served without undue harshness or foolish leniency.

LEAVES FROM . . OUR NOTEBOOK

Missing a Possible Point.

ADOLPHUS, the criminal lawyer, was once discussing with Charles Dickens the legal merit of the case of Bardell v. Pickwick. "I have often wanted," said he, "to point out to you how Sergeant Buzfuz missed a great point in reading Mr. Pickwick's letter to Mrs. Bardell about chops and tomato sauce. The popular name for tomato is the love-apple, and the learned Sergeant might have easily convinced the jury that the defendant intended some peculiar significance in thus ordering a vegetable which is a synonym for the tender passion." The great novelist laughed, and admitted that he had never thought of that.

Why "Black Maria?"

EVERYONE of our readers has heard the term "Black Maria" used for the prison van, but how many know the origin of the expression? Here it is. During the old colonial days a gigantic negress, named Maria Lee, kept a sailors' boarding-house at Boston. On account of her prodigious strength she was often of assistance to the police in hauling off specially drunken mariners to the lock-up, and soon the whole of Boston was afraid of her. It is said that on one occasion she arrested and conveyed to the police-station three sailors who were riotously drunk, and she refused to allow anybody to help her. Being recognised as a species of unofficial constable, Maria was sent for whenever any peculiarly violent person had to be taken into custody. Thus it was that "Send for Maria Lee," or for "Black Maria," as she was generally called, became synonymous with "Take him to prison." Later the name of the giantess was bestowed on the vehicle used for taking prisoners to gaol.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

LABOUR.—Under the Incas of Peru poverty was held to be a criminal offence.

R. M.—The "Red Barn Murder" took place in 1827 The culprit was William Corder.

CATENA.—You are wrong. Except for punishment, and when travelling, our convicts are not chained.

K. C.—French barristers are given the title Maître. Maître Labori defended Dreyfus and also the Humberts.

R. V. WOOD.—The numbers and letters on a convict's arm indicate his distinctive number, the year he was sentenced, if he is an old convict, and the length of his sentence. His class can be told by the facings of his uniform.

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TOO FAT.

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